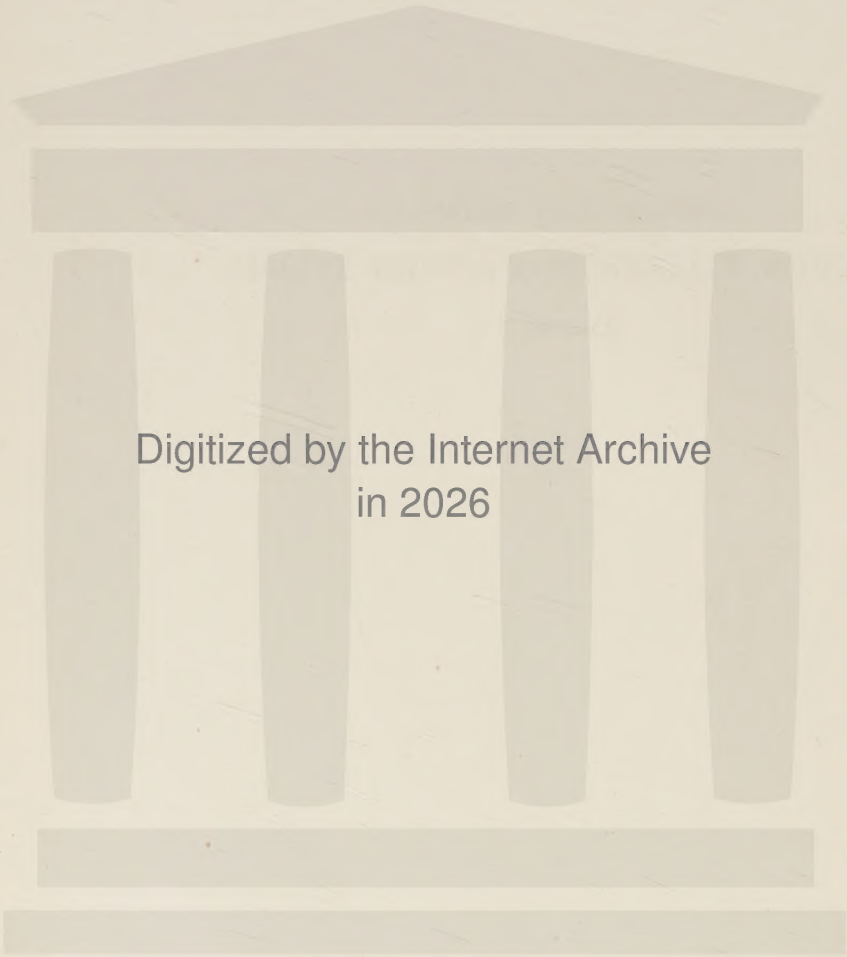
LETTERS AND POEMS OF
QUEEN ELISABETH (CARMEN SYLVA)

VOLUME I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ELISABETH (CARMEN SYLVA)

LETTERS AND POEMS OF

QUEEN ELISABETH

(CARMEN SYLVA)

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

HENRY HOWARD HARPER

PRINTED FOR MEMBERS ONLY

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LETTERS AND POEMS OF QUEEN ELISABETH (CARMEN SYLVA)

My greatest wish is to write in such a manner that all may think they have written it themselves.

—Carmen Sylva.

The remarkable series of letters printed in these volumes were written by the late Elisabeth (Carmen Sylva), Princess of Wied, and Queen of Roumania, to an American, who was a widely known book-collector. At his death the original letters and the manuscripts of the poems printed herein became the cherished possessions of his daughter, who is frequently mentioned in the letters. On account of their intrinsic value to literature, and the universal interest they are sure to attract both here and abroad, she has consented to allow them to be printed for the members of The Bibliophile Society, of which she herself is a member.

The letters are all written by the Queen's own hand, partly with pen, partly with pencil, and many on the typewriter, when an ailment in her fingers made it difficult to

hold pen or pencil. The poems, however, are all in her own handwriting and, as far as we can discover, they have never before been printed.

When she first began using the typewriter she made frequent apologies for her numerous errors, saying that with a little practice she hoped to become more proficient; but strange as it may seem, after many years of practice she continued to repeat the same typographical mistakes, as shown by the two facsimiles herein. The first was written on June 29, 1901, and the second more than eight years later, on November 26, 1909. It will be observed that her mind was so much more nimble than her fingers that the latter had great difficulty in keeping accurate pace with her thoughts. Her words are oftentimes run together, and errors of transposition occur with great frequency, especially in the last letter. Coincidently, the great Rubinstein, her old piano-instructor, was notoriously addicted to the same faults with his piano keys.

It was the Queen's usual habit to finish her typewritten letters with a few lines, and sometimes a few pages, in autograph, — even when she held the pen or pencil

The englosn language is so rich , offering the advantages of the german and latin thoughts and expressions and in such simple form that a child can understand it, except Browniyng whom nobody can understand ! Omer khayyam is much clearer ! I think if I feell isnpired in that way and you do dont think te trial a failure , that I may continue with that sort of poem till they form a small volume ! I should be so glad to offer that to th e kin and sympathetec american public that has received me so warmly !
But if it is not worth while I give it up I would not publish something that has no valui or charm for anyone, and tahat I may think too well of beu inga first trial, but it cema so easily that I felt confidence, If it had been hard labour I shouldnt have any espes of its being bearable !
Mr6 Upsons charming book has given me such intense pleasure, that I tried to say so in very awkward verse, I wish he wiould open his portmanteau gain after a littel while and let us habe the joy of feeling i the inncoruer he wishes to shon us, and that has become an intellectual home to tho se who have read adnd rereead those lovely lines !

Most gratefully
Elisabeth
Queen of Roumania

Sinaia June 29th 1901

Sir,

Did i really not thank you for your beautiful gift that gave such intense pleasure and that i valued so highly ? I was qute shocked at learning it, as I had felt so sure of having thanked you and tild you ho how your really kind thiouhtg and most beautiful igift touchde me !

THere is scarecly aonything that gives such pleasure to someone who holds the pen, as a book, finely bound. It is like a living thing to him, like a friend and companion ! You are doubly kind to think of me again the moment you have something beautiflu and so highly appreciated to offer, as if I had not at all seemde ungrateful!

I can only answer that it will be an immense joy, and the signature of one of my most admired poets, of one who can never know what ocomfort he has been to me in the hour of need ! I drew life and strangth and comfort from those pages whe n nothing would comfort me, and never can be grateful enough for the high brorn words coming from highborn souls through all Eternity ! To show you that I am not so thankless as I seem, I send you the copy of one of my first trials in english verse. I delight in t

Castel
Petesch

o everything and where Iqt s Ied and reared seems to me the beginning of hell !
You cant facy the amount of work I have done since I saw you ! And the amount of suffering I went through ! Bit now better times are dawning . The K ngs health is so much better and a young Doctor has found it out , It is in reality bile stones and of course very painfu fro m time to time , vbut one vcan cure it by rest care and quiet , Theu unrest of those nights of pain has been very trying ' The K-ngs seventieth birthday would have been so bright bur for his bein so ill with influenza tha the had to get out of bed to receive the germen Crown Prince . The same was for our fortieth weddingday ' ancy! I am married forty years now! It seems yesterday 90I dont feel old ' Only I remember too much! If one could forget ohe should be quite young again , it is remembrance that ages u s ! Even greif would wear off if we could forget !
All my dirfferent things are rising and grwoing , nothing jad to be cancelled or diminished , everyth ing os thrivng . that is joy indeed , and if one has many tro uble sin the making , once the things go the joy is perfect !
My editor Davis semms to be quite in pious work , At least he sent me scraps of pious things . I didnt answer , as I had no time to take tha tup zalso I m afraid tha tI am making mor mistakes than allow d , as I am writing on another machien , and not accsostomed to the places of the types . B t the Hmmond is gone to Bucarest already
The printingpress for the blind is very near bing ready . t has taken years more than I thlought to got it as perfect as it must be if it is to be useful №
Mrs Foarn has been all over America lecturing the blind and for the blind in my name nad has had the most touching success , morally , not meterially , bit that is quite secondary to my mind , The comfort she has brought the poor Things is unspeakable ! Igot mo st touching letters from many places .
Oyou see , one continues in the one work one has got in ones mind , all thrmough life! I believe th t eac of us had their mission traced out beforhand e have to do a certa n thing and no other , that must be accomplished so that it may live without us . That is the great criterion of a t ing , if it can do without us after a time , then it is alive indeed .
I wish we might meet again ! Nothing is impossible on this tiny earth of ours № I expect such great things from fthe comet , as I remember the com t of 1858 that brought such heat and such wine and such corn ! Abd how winderful it was ove more than half the sky! NMarguerite will enjoybit !

Sinaia Nov 26 i9o9 K"nd Friends ! Oh I am so glad to have news from you sfter suc a long time ! But I am nit astonished , I kept thinking of you eber since the letter must have been written and wondering why I never got any news after writing somewhere where you had told me in the Bahamas or in the Southsea islands I dont remember which . I wrote there and never heard agein . Perhaps you never went there afte all. I got no more l etters and so I thought you hadnt come back , but gone rouend the world . could read your letter , but nit what you had done to your and . Oh why dont you use the typewriter . It issuch help when one has tired hands and the cramp and cnat write any moere . Itis the patien ce of a fortnight , and then one has mastered it .

T"is is my last day in Sinaia , this evening we are in Buvcarest adn wonmorrow the chambers open , 'he KIng will open them in person andlook so well tha t there will b e a general cheer I am sure ! I have had very hard times sindce I wote las last . T$_h$e KIn has been so alilg the last four years that I have been very anxio o us . My life never runs smooth , you can be always sure of some trouble of some kind . Bit my home for the blind is rising fast and will b einhabited I hope in spring . It will b e so lobvely ! I have got nearly a million together quite al ne working day and night , and now I give it into the hands of government and return to my pen . I am so happy your darling child has taken up the beuatifu side of life , its riches and depths , einstead of losing her time insaloons and nothingnesses ? Isnt it a pity to give your library to Was ington ? I am so passionately against lall concentrating of good things , that bring thougt and rriches of the mind to every corner of a country . But of course I cant jedge from here . They always say Waschingtonis dead and tires me and official and I don know what . Everybody sats it is the only tiresome pakce in America . And your libary cant kill the atmosphere of officiality . w ilst if you put it into a place of students or make it a centre of activity in oyout own home you will do more for youyr coubtry than by allowing your work to be swaallowed up in the gengeral grandeur of stiffness and officiality . Dont do yhat ! Rather Harvard than washingten . That would be mor natural to my mind . I live the contres of dtudy and hate ohhate the centrea iof government ! In our days they are hotbeds of immorality ! All envy centres there ! And envy is at the root of all evil ! it is hellborn really !

The aeroplanes are exciting Europe terribly , more so than America. it seems to me they are grabd thin s but oh so dreadful ! I felt almostsick with giddiness wat ching taht flying ! I ha ve the feeling that earth will grow verz tiresome and that we schll soon try to leave it by smeans of some machien .

Only we are not quite sure of the reception we might meet with on another planete I think we are safer here , bur hunmanity has to go on andto try things ! Itseems to be so prdestined !

What is the use of the nort or southpole either ? We cant et into the inner sid of earth even by its ends !!! We have to cr awl about on its outside , and be lieve the inside to be very interesting and rich too !

I am sure your home has grown much mir beutiful since I saw the phptos № Things c change so much though they semem always the same to those who live amongst them . The castle has chnged a together One wojuld scarcely know it any more . It is really very beutiful !

I must do there is a match for me this morning : but a days at Aix les Bains ! One never knows if one does it again ! Kind love to all there !

Elizabeth

with great difficulty, — and all, save one, are signed in her bold characteristic hand, "Elisabeth." The letters are all distinguished by a personal charm and a verbal simplicity that inspire the sympathetic interest and admiration of the reader, not unmixed with astonishment that a poetic mind so immured from the world should possess so vast and comprehensive a knowledge of international affairs.

We can readily perceive that high responsibilities in large affairs and scholastic environment have a tendency to develop big-minded people; while on the other hand, seclusion in a remote unlettered community is equally conducive to narrow-mindedness, selfishness, and mental deterioration. It therefore required innate genius and bigness of mind and soul in Queen Elisabeth to prevent mental and spiritual decadence in a country which was sorely afflicted with moral, intellectual and financial impoverishment, — conditions, however, which genius seems to have the happy faculty of surmounting. —

> As germs in hard, encrusted shells
> Cast off their bonds and seek the light,
> So genius from the lowest dells
> Will rise triumphant in her might.

Many years before the Queen's death her unique character and her wide diversity of talents made her a fruitful subject for biographers, and even while she was still living several histories of her life appeared in all the modern languages. Since these are readily accessible we need not here concern ourselves with the minute details of her early life or the long and distinguished line of ancestors from whom she descended. It may be said, however, that at the early age of eight she developed poetical tendencies, and at twenty her scholarly attainments had already become a subject of remark throughout the Courts of Europe. She learned to speak and to write six different languages in addition to her own native tongue, and her mastery of English, which she spoke with great fluency, is attested by these letters, which have required no editorial revision, either in grammar or construction. Notwithstanding her studiousness she was preeminently a child of Nature, from which source she drew most of her happiest moments and her poetic inspiration.

The present letters are far more revealing than any biography, or even autobiography, for they exhibit the unaffected picture in its

native setting, minus the studied pose and preparation. It will be easy to see that had they been written for publication a large part of their naturalness must necessarily have been sacrificed to unavoidable self-consciousness and restraint. She speaks of her life as resembling a romance. It certainly does. But although highly romantic, it was filled with tragic realities, more realistic and gripping than any we see on the stage. Her life was indeed a veritable panorama of animated scenes, untinged with the slightest superficiality. She says of her biographers, "They have written so much stuff and nonsense about me, that really I feel obliged to rectify, if I don't want the legend to overgrow the grand, simple and heavy truth, which is always so much grander than the legend. It has been disgusting sometimes, and especially their trying to make my life appear in such a pleasant light, when it has been distinctly unpleasant, almost all through. What they have written is quite poor stuff in comparison with the actual truth. . . Who could invent reality so terrible as it is, or so deep as it has cut, or so beautiful as it has modelled you!"

A feature of interest brought out in these

letters, is the hungry avidity with which this isolated Poet-queen gathered intellectuality from companionship with good books and from correspondence and personal contact with individuals outside her own dominion. "My heart is so full," she says, "that I want to talk to someone, and I can't talk to those around me for fear of having some envy or enmity awakening. You see the good of correspondence is that one says things one wouldn't say in talking. There is a freedom in writing that is very charming, and that one ought not to miss." In order to broaden her mental horizon and her knowledge of human nature and human affairs she used every available means of keeping in close touch with the political, intellectual and commercial advancement of the outside world. Although the spiritual and poetic faculties were ascendant in her nature, in combination with these she possessed deep philosophical endowments; and furthermore her mental grasp of the social and industrial needs of her people, and the vast unexplored material resources of her country, were nothing short of phenomenal.

Although thwarted and discouraged at every turn by lack of financial means and

executive authority to inaugurate or carry out any broad undertaking in the interest of her adopted people, she was nevertheless constantly racking her brain, oftentimes to the point of physical exhaustion, in devising plans for their religious, social and financial betterment. She even relaxed the hard and fast time-honored rules of European Court procedure in order personally to entertain scientists, musicians, painters, writers, financiers and statesmen and interest them in her little country. To accomplish this without subjecting herself to the severe censure of other Courts she took the pen name of Carmen Sylva, that she might make herself more readily accessible to people from the outside world, and receive them informally at her Court, not in her regal capacity, but in the rôle of poet, librettist, artist or musician. She therefore played a dual part: as Queen of Roumania she was more or less subject to the rigid rules of European Court life, but as Carmen Sylva she and her work belonged to the world. It is a somewhat curious fact, however, that not one of these letters is signed with her *nom de plume.*

Her chief concern in life was to uplift hu-

manity, to create human happiness, mostly through the agency of improvement, both mental and physical; and to this end she voluntarily cast her lot among a downtrodden people who, perhaps more than any other on the face of the earth, stood in need of help and sympathy and leadership. And to the cause of humanity she devoted her literary genius, which was to some extent a heritage from her ancestors. But it was with her as with most literary geniuses, her pen brought her name more renown than it brought pecuniary gain for the numerous charities to which she applied her income therefrom. In a country of vast wealth she would have found it a comparatively easy matter to draw upon the resources of the rich to provide comforts for the poor, but in a land where superstition, ignorance, oppression, pestilence and famine had stalked abroad for countless generations there was more misery than there were facilities or material with which to relieve it; and this condition of affairs was a perpetual source of anxiety and discomfort to the Queen.

It is doubtful if in all the records of human correspondence there is to be found a group of letters that contain such a graphic por-

trayal of the heroic and unselfish efforts and aspirations of an individual in the field of humanitarian endeavor, as we find expressed in these letters, in which benevolence, self-sacrifice and universal brotherhood form the key-note.

A healthy normal mind, no less than a healthy vigorous body, craves nourishing, thought-inspiring food, of a salutary, invigorating variety such as these letters contain. They are at once wholesome, inspiriting and entertaining; they arouse human compassion; they inspire magnanimity; they stimulate those qualities of character that enable one patiently to encounter adversity, and to overcome difficulties with calmness and ease; to disdain meanness and injustice, and to make sacrifices for worthy objects. They furnish a striking example of a noble and courageous spirit struggling, through a frail human body, to assuage the miseries of mankind by the instrumentality of mercy and benevolence; and they awaken an increased sense of gratitude for the worldly blessings we enjoy. This wonderfully gifted woman, of rare beauty and great personal charm, literally "went about doing good," and for what she lacked in worldly goods she more

than made up in encouragement and comforting words. However high or low one's station in life may be, or however unsympathetic one may be with the Queen's paramount idea, that "all souls ought to belong to one another, in brotherly love and mutual help," it is impossible to read these letters without feeling the better for it by a stirring of those deeper and gentler impulses, of which even the most crusty individual is to some extent possessed. Furthermore, one is repeatedly struck with wonderment that a Poet-queen of a little obscure far-away country should be endowed with such a marvelous conception of business enterprise, the strength and weakness of nations, the underlying principles of individual and national greatness, the leading social and economic problems, and other world-wide affairs too often beyond the range of poetic vision. Though wedded to King Charles, a Hohenzollern, in one of her letters printed herein she boldly predicted the downfall of the Hohenzollern dynasty, because of undue centralization of power and ambition. Of Russia, she said: "I firmly believe that that enormous empire will have to break up into little shreds before it can become thoroughly

civilized. No such block could be penetrated by civilization, — it is too unwieldy."

There is, moreover, a very perceptible poetic strain pervading the Queen's letters, even in the treatment of the most prosaic subjects. Hers was a versatile genius, nourished by wisdom and hard experience, and guided by a gentle and charitable, yet vigorous and unflagging will-power. Whether in the music-room or the drawing-room, in the hospital wards or on errands of mercy among the poor in the streets, whether caring for the wounded on the battlefields, or writing in the study, painting in the studio, or reciting poetry or prose before an assemblage, she was equally conversant, capable and self-possessed. In all her acts she was gentle, though determined; always womanly in the chaste simplicity of her nature, always queenly in her bearing. With the same fluency and understanding with which she discussed large affairs with the greatest statesman or monarch she could turn and enter sympathetically into the concerns of the humblest peasant, and command alike in either case the highest admiration and respect. In short, she was never too small for the greatest task, and never too great for

the smallest; never above the humblest of God's mortal beings, nor ever below the highest.

Her letters are spontaneous, intimate and self-revealing; there is not a passage in them that was written with a view to self-exaltation. In the performance of her tasks she was alike unmindful of personal comfort or gain and indifferent to personal glory; her thoughts and her labors were all for others. Her reward, like that of the Prophets, lay in the future. Indeed her life motto, as she explains, consisted of the single word "For"—*for some one else;* and in carrying out the spirit of this resolution she denied herself every dispensable luxury and sacrificed substantially all of her worldly possessions. To abate the distress of the poor she sold her personal jewels, and even her wedding presents. She sold the string of pearls placed about her neck by her sainted mother; and she likewise disposed of the little string of pearls that had hung about the neck of her only child, whose death in tender years cast a protracted gloom over her life.[1]

[1] The following lines were found in the Queen's journal, written after the death of her only child. It requires no wide stretch of the imagination to picture the tears and anguish amid which they were written:

Although these possessions were all sacred to her she felt that they could be more usefully consecrated by applying them to the relief of suffering humanity. "My mother taught me not to cling to earthly possessions, so I am her good scholar!" she wrote. "Only this time I tear the things a little bit from my heart! But as I have nothing else to give, I give what I have." She regretted, not that she had sold them, but that she had nothing more to sell; therefore in the ripeness of her years and mentality she devoted much of her time to literature in the hope of thus helping support her various charities. And night after night, even when she was past sixty, she used to work in her study till long past the midnight hour, when all were fast

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LONGING

I long to feel thy little arm's embrace,
Thy little silver-sounding voice to hear;
I long for thy warm kisses on my face,
And for thy bird-like carol, blithe and clear.

I long for every childish, loving word,
And for thy little footsteps, fairy light,
That hither, thither moved and ever stirred
My heart with them to gladness infinite.

And for thy hair I long — that halo blest,
Hanging in golden glory round thy brow.
My child, can aught such longing lull to rest?
Nay, Heaven's bliss alone can end it now!

asleep, writing, making embroidery, painting missals and illuminating the margins of manuscripts, to be sold for charity, or to help brighten the somber interior of some little church in an impoverished community.

Perhaps her consideration for others could be no better shown than by her almost incomprehensible fortitude in rising unaided from a bad fall and walking a considerable distance to the house with a fractured ankle bone, in order not to excite the fears of an invalid child with whom she was walking.

We know that many lethargic geniuses in literature have bestirred themselves to unwonted effort only in response to necessities imposed by hunger or cold, or some other equally urgent compulsion. It would therefore seem that necessity, which is said to be the mother of invention, is likewise the stimulus of genius. At any rate, genius and affluence are antagonistic companions; hence they seldom abide together. In Carmen Sylva's case, although her necessities were not in the form of food or drink, or even a comfortable place of abode, they were to her mind far more impelling than any or all of these; they were the needs and sufferings of others, — not specifically relatives, compan-

ions or loved ones, but humanity in general. In one of her letters where she speaks of the danger of surrounding luxury, she says: "I found that, in the beginning, in the castle of the Pelesh. It was too luxurious, after the great simplicity of the monastery we had lived in for fourteen years. I had all the pains in the world to let my thought be stronger than the surroundings and work as freely as if there were no stained glass windows and fine hangings and fine pictures everywhere. I didn't see how my thought could give life to such powerful rooms with so much in them already that they didn't seem to wait for thought to make them alive. But at last I succeeded in making them look personal, and not at all like upholsterer's rooms, but like the thing I had filled with my own nature and thought."

In the early letters of the series the Queen proves herself to be such a paragon of gentleness and endearing unaffectedness that one might be inclined to wonder if her mortal being had not become the earthly habitation of the spirit of some literary saint of old, but in some of the later letters she displays the more natural qualities of a real woman, with all that that term in its broadest sense

implies, — including even a moderate degree of capriciousness and human inconsistency.

The poems printed in Volume II require but little comment. They were written in French *vers libre*, and have been translated especially for this publication. To say that they are noble and inspiring in thought, and comprehensive in expression would be but to repeat a fact plainly obvious to all who read them. The members of The Bibliophile Society may well felicitate themselves in possessing a first edition in English of these beautiful poems.

The fact that Carmen Sylva was a Queen, of royal bood, will of course add a touch of interest to these volumes, as also to her various other writings; but her great humanitarianism and the genuine merit of the literary productions she has left to posterity will add in a far greater measure to her fame as a Queen; and Time, the world's great refinery of the literature and the heroic deeds of mankind, will ascribe to her a place in the foremost ranks of the greatest women in history.

She was, withal, a bibliophile in all that the term implies; she loved books for their artistic appearance and for the relaxation

and instruction they afford; they were her constant companions, her greatest comfort; and she had them in profusion all about her.

All the world reveres the name of Carmen Sylva, for the unique beauty of her character, for her poetry and her prose. In womanhood and in motherhood she was the embodiment of almost every virtue known to the poetic Muse. In the capacity of Queen she served Roumania, but in the more exalted rôle of Poet, Philosopher, and Friend of Humanity, she wears the imperishable laurel crown of the Universe.

HENRY HOWARD HARPER

SELECTED PASSAGES FROM THE LETTERS OF QUEEN ELISABETH (CARMEN SYLVA)

To me a book is a real friend and companion. I look at it with loving eyes where it stands, and open it with a feeling of Bible-reading, and better, as Bible-reading is not always your own choice.

Never can a room look comfortable without books; pictures are secondary, books are still more homely and comfortable. You can live in a room with books in it from floor to ceiling and not miss pictures, especially if you have one very good one, a drawing even, or something rare and fine, — one single one; but books in profusion! Books ought to be scattered all over the house, even in the passages, in the bedroom, *les livres de chevet*, everywhere.

I used to say that being rich makes no difference; but it does. . . . It would be untrue not to confess that. Poverty is in it-

self a much greater trial than we are always quite aware of — when even soap is too expensive, and things smell by being too well worn! One ought to teach children to thank God much oftener than they do for the smallest joys.

Industry seems to me a much greater power than armies and ships, and if it comes in sufficient force nobody can stop it. I think the only real conquest is by industry, not by arms. Industry is the only safe and real conqueror. Oh how I wish to see enormous capital and industry arise in the Balkans and blow away all the dust of uncivilization! Industry would be the great power that could fight Russian influence here, and do away with Turkish barbarism.

Nothing has been so deplorable for countries as centralization. I am afraid when I see Germany grow so powerful, and centralizing in Berlin; it is the beginning of the end! [*Written in 1901*]

It is curious that one earns the reputation of sanctity only by being martyred, and having stones thrown at one for some time;

but those same stones turn to be your best monuments in the end.

We have come to this country to make it happy, if we can; and until now I can't say that we have been successful. Perhaps the corruption, the remnants of Byzantinism were so great that it was impossible to clean it out sufficiently. . . . I want to see these people happy and prosperous, and am very indifferent to dynastic interests. Dynasties are such poor things, and so very indifferent to the lives of nations.

I always say: "Put one little word into your life and before every bit of work you have to do." And that word is "For!" *For* someone or something, you could do anything. Martyrs and learned men have shown it. "For" is the whole secret of life. "For" is the mainspring of life.

Silence is a companion one learns to love in time, when it is so populated, and so full of meaning and all bitterness gone, and forgiveness has taken its dwelling in your heart.

I am sure God sends people into the world on purpose to meet each other and to do good to each other, by love and kindness and understanding.

It seems as if people on a certain level of culture wanted some demigods to look up to; but the mission is often dreary and always very fatiguing! To be a little Buddha always is not at all gay.

There can be no Republic without civic virtues and a very high standpoint of morality; without a great deference for woman, and woman deserving of that deference.

It is always a sign of weakness when a people make a Chinese wall and won't let anybody in.

One doesn't know one's self what grain one sows, that works on and on, through one and through many lives, transmitted from heart to heart and from lips to lips.

I am quite above physical death and believe it to be only the birth throes for a much purer life in a much purer draping.

I hope to make the years I have still to dwell on earth as full of blessings as ever I can. And then spread my wings at last and fly away home.

All my great suffering, all my loneliness on earth, is to be turned into blessings for others.

Everybody ought to help everybody, but oh how often people are only intent upon keeping one down and treading one into the dust instead of understanding that if you rise the whole of humanity will rise as well. I feel that we could all hold each other by the hands and climb up and onward into brighter regions.

One ought never to hesitate when one means to do a kindness, because one can't know the consequences, which may be indefinite.

I must see that grand land called America! I must have one look into what humanity can achieve when its will is aroused, and it is obliged to sink or swim. I do believe that earth is still too easy and that it shall have

to be made still more laborious, in order to obtain from humanity all the gifts back again that lie dormant for lack of energy.

It seems enormous to me that we have the idea of eternity, of justice, of purity, of beauty, when everything that we see is so far from all that! Who has put those visions into our heads? The soul that knows so much more than what it sees; the soul that comes from far and goes far, and to whom limits make no difference!

I wish I might once do what I think, and help, as I dreamt, that I was going through an immense hall, with my skirt gathered in my hand, full of bread, and went from bench to bench in which clean girls were sitting, hundreds and thousands of them with nice white aprons, and I was giving them bread!

I don't call disaster what is not in your deepest soul; only there can be disaster. Your having a little more or a little less fortune, or a higher or lower rank before men, that can never be disaster, when your soul remains pure and high and free.

How small are in reality the defects of poor humanity, for the moment you get far enough back the picture becomes luminous and as clear and bright as if never a fault or a weakness had been there.

The fact of the suffering is not so essential as the result — as what you make out of it for others! And I hope to turn every hour of pain to semi-profit and benefit for others.

You can never make someone punctual who is not, or quick who is slow, or lively who wants to plod on carefully. I have learnt that every fault is an exaggerated quality, nothing else.

The barrel of Diogenes always struck me as having been extremely dirty. I don't like philosophy and dirt! Thought is so bright, it ought to be received like a welcome guest, with all due honors. There is only one danger in surrounding beauty: it may prevent brain work.

Castel Pelesch

CARMEN SYLVA

BY PIERRE LOTI, THE EMINENT FRENCH WRITER

(Translated from the original manuscript by Geoffroy Atkinson, M.A.)

In the course of my wandering life, I happened one time to stop at an enchanted castle, the home of a Fairy. The distant sound of a horn in the woods still has the power to bring back to me the most trivial memories of that sojourn.

This is because the castle of the Fairy was situated in the midst of a deep forest, in which one heard military trumpets constantly answering each other, with solemn notes as from afar off. These strange notes of indefinite origin were peculiarly melancholy in the sonorous air of the region, — the silent, living, pure air of the mountain-tops.

I am so made that music has an almost complete power to evoke images from me. Fragments of melody, better than any images, retain through time the power to recall to

me certain places of the earth, certain moments, certain figures, which have crossed my life.

So, when I hear trumpets sound from a distance, I suddenly see again, as clearly as if I were still there, a royal boudoir (for the Fairy of whom I speak is at the same time a Queen). From this boudoir one looks through high Gothic windows on an infinity of green fir-trees, growing thickly as in virgin forests. The boudoir, filled with precious objects, is magnificent but somewhat sombre in nameless colors, shading from faint red to dun and old gold, with touches of smouldering fire. There are little galleries, like interior balconies; there are large, heavy draperies concealing mysterious recesses in turrets. The Fairy appears to me there, dressed in white with a long veil. She is seated before an easel and is painting on parchment with a light and skilful brush, marvelous archaic illuminations, in which gold is the dominating note, in the Byzantine manner. She has been working for three years at this pastime of queens of bygone days, — a priceless missal destined for some cathedral.

The Fairy's white costume is worked and

woven with silver in oriental style, but the face which is framed in the transparent folds of the veil has a something mild and elusive which belongs only to the cultured races of the North. And yet there is such a perfect harmony of the whole that one would say the costume had been specially invented for the Fairy who wears it, — for the Fairy who herself has written, "The toilette is not a thing to be neglected. It can make you an animated work of art, *but only if you are the adornment of your costume.*"

With what words shall I describe the traits of this Queen? How delicate and difficult a matter it is! Respect is so essential where she is concerned that ordinary expressions such as one would use in speaking of another become immediately irreverent when applied to her. Eternal youth is in her smile, in the unchanging velvety rose of her cheeks; it gleams from her beautiful teeth, white as porcelain. But her magnificent hair which appears through the veil dotted with silver spangles is almost white! "White locks," she says in her *Pensées*, "are the flecks of foam which cover the ocean after the storm."

And how shall I express the unique charm of her glance, of her limpid grey eyes, some-

what deep-set in the shadow of her pure wide forehead? It is a charm of supreme intelligence, a charm of infinite depth, of discreet and sympathetic understanding, of long suffering, and of immense pity. The expression of her face is very changeable, although the smile is almost always there. "That is part of our rôle," she said to me one day, "to smile continually, like idols." But this queenly smile has many different shades. Sometimes it suddenly becomes really gay, youthful, almost child-like. Very often it is a smile of resigned melancholy, — at times of unlimited sadness.

Of the sorrows which have whitened the hair of this sovereign, there is one that I know, which I can understand better than anyone, and which I may tell. I was conducted by her order, into a large garden of one of the royal residences, to the tomb of a little Princess who resembled her, and who had inherited her features and her beautiful wide forehead.

On the tomb, I read this passage of the Gospel, "Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth." And in truth the little reclining statue seems to sleep quietly in its marble dress.

"Weep not." Yet the mother of the little sleeper still weeps, weeps bitterly, for her only child. And here is one of her sentences which often comes to my memory, as if a voice within me repeated it with funereal deliberation, "A house without a child is a bell without a tongue; perhaps the sound which lies dormant would be very beautiful, if there were something to awaken it."

How well I remember the least incident of those exquisite talks in that dark boudoir, with the Queen dressed in white! (At the beginning of these notes, I said, "a Fairy." That was my way of saying a being of a higher nature. Besides, I could not say an angel, for that word has been incorrectly used so much that it has become hackneyed. And moreover, it seems to me that this name "Fairy," taken as I mean it, suits this lady well, — young with grey hair, smiling in extreme sadness, born in the North and Queen in the East, speaking all languages and making music of all, a sorceress always, having the power, sometimes with nothing but her benevolent smile, to cast about her a kindly charm which cheers, reassures, and consoles.)

So I see again, in my mind's eye, the Queen with the long veil (I no longer dare say the

"Fairy," now that I have designated her so clearly). She sits before her easel and speaks to me, while the archaic designs which seem to spring naturally from her fingers, develop on the parchment of the missal. Near her Majesty are seated two or three young ladies, her maids of honor, dark young girls whose oriental costumes are of strange colors, gilded and spangled. They read or embroider old-fashioned flowers on silk. They raise their black eyes from time to time when the conversation they hear interests them particularly. The place which her Majesty usually assigns me is facing her, near a window in which a flawless piece of glass gives the illusion of a large aperture open to the air, giving on the neighboring forest. Through artistic taste, the King has left the wild virgin forest twenty paces from his walls; from the windows of the royal apartments one sees nothing but giant fir-trees, and thickets of branches, — or else green distances, the wooded tops of the Carpathians standing rank above rank in the remarkably pure air. And this nearby forest spreads in the magnificent castle an impression of enchantment and mystery.

Entire phrases of the Queen come back to

me in memory with their sweetly musical inflections. I answered her sotto-voce, for there was always in this boudoir a stillness as in a church. I remember also those silences sometimes after she had said something profound, whose meaning seemed to be prolonged in the midst of this calm. And it was then, in these intervals, that I heard, as if from the extreme depths of the forest those strange military notes whose solemn sound was like that of the hunting horn. It was in autumn, and I remember even this little detail: the last butterflies, the last flies, which had entered aimlessly to die in that sumptuous tomb, were beating their wings, very near me against the large clear pane.

I have said that the Queen's voice was music, and fresh, young music. I do not think that I have ever heard a voice the sound of which was comparable to hers. Nor have I ever heard anyone read with such charm. The day following my arrival her Majesty expressed a desire to know my opinion of a certain German poem, new to me. Her Secretary (who by the way is a Frenchman, and an exceptional Frenchman, naturally) warned me, in a private

conversation, "If the Queen herself reads it to you," he said, "you will not be able to judge. No matter what the Queen reads, it always seems delicious, like the pieces she sings. But if one takes the book afterwards to read alone, it is not the same thing at all, — and one is often completely disillusioned." I was able afterwards to judge how well founded this warning was. Having had the honor to be present when the Queen was reading certain chapters of one of my books, to the ladies of the court, I no longer recognized my own work, so much did she beautify and transfigure it.

Of the Castle of Sinaia, which seems, in the midst of this forest, to be the vision of some artist become reality through the virtue of some magic wand, nothing has remained so clearly defined in my memory as this boudoir of the Queen. My memory is already growing dim regarding the long galleries with heavy hangings, with panoplies of rare armor; regarding stairways where ladies of honor, footmen and lackeys passed to and fro; regarding renaissance rooms which made one think of an inhabited Louvre, of a Louvre in the days of the Kings; regarding that high and obscure

music-room with marvelous stained glass, meant for dreams, where the great organ was, on which the Queen played in the evening. Yet I remember at once, and exactly, that more personal apartment where her Majesty sometimes admitted me, near her easel or her work-table. It seemed when one had been permitted to pass those double doors and those portières, that one had penetrated into a region of high serenity which most people and things never reach. And it is always there that I prefer to imagine this Queen, whose guest I was. When she crossed the boudoir, the whiteness of her costume stood out against the dark background of tapestries or of rare carved wood-panels covered with little designs cut by innumerable sculptors. When she was seated at work, from the place she had indicated for me the first day, and which I generally occupied, I could see her face and her veil as if they detached themselves from a large and superb canvas of Delacroix, "The Placing of Christ in the Tomb." And always there were young ladies in oriental costume, seated at each side of her, completing this picture which I should like to have painted. From time to time they relieved each other,

one taking the other's place, these little maids of honor, all quite different one from the other, both in manner and in face. When one had left, yonder at the entrance, lifting the heavy folds of the portières, there appeared another one, coming forward quietly on the carpet after having made a deep court bow. Then she would come forward to kiss the Queen's hand, and sometimes would sit at the Queen's feet on the floor, resting her head against the Queen's knees with respectful affection. Then the Queen would explain, with her motherly smile full of sadness, "These are my daughters." I think that the greatest attraction of this smile, greater than all its other charms, was its extreme benevolence, its extreme goodness.

And how well I remember those young ladies, also, who for the first greeting of the day, gave me their hands with such frank simplicity and grace. I had been surprised on my arrival at the court, to hear them all, in spite of their oriental costume, talk in pure French about all sorts of serious and new subjects, like Parisians of the highest circles, — perhaps even better than real Parisians of their age, — more seriously, with less commonplace and banality. One felt

that the Queen had formed, according to her own taste, this school for Roumanian aristocracy, for whom French is the usual language.

The first time that I had the honor to speak with her Majesty, I was not surprised to hear her speak in a superior manner on higher subjects. I knew before that she would do this. But being a Queen, and being obliged to "smile like the idols" perpetually, it seemed to me that she must have remained a little ignorant of certain woes and sufferings of the human soul. My astonishment was therefore great to learn that she knew to the depths all the pathos and misery of the hearts of the humblest and the weakest, as well as those found in the hearts of Princes and of the great. An unhappy childhood, and one darkened by mourning in a castle in the North had been the cause of this knowledge. She had been reared, purposely, far from courts and had been in contact with poor people who lived on her family estate. To make her so good and so accessible to those in trouble, she had had a simple and familiar primary education, much like that which the Princess of Wied, her mother, and the Queen of Sweden, her aunt,

had received. Then there came a sort of pilgrimage through Europe, to London, to Paris, to the Court at Berlin, and to the Court at St. Petersburg, in company with her Highness, the Grand Duchess Helen of Russia. And in the countries where she stopped, the most noted masters taught her something in the way of a summary of all human knowledge, and the quintessence of all literatures. And at last there had been years, long years, passed on the throne of Roumania. She had come to that throne when still very young, to that troubled land which was being formed, in the midst of those old oriental families. She must have been obliged to see dramas at close range, and with astonishment in her pure eyes. Then, all at once, the widows, the waifs, the mothers without children, the little motherless girls, became her friends. It seemed to her that her duty as Queen was never to repel confidences, even the most mournful which came to her with tears. Her rôle was to relieve, to reconcile, to pardon, and to cause others to forget. Her "adopted daughters," brought up in the palace near her, were always chosen by preference from families on which some grief or some secret

misfortune was weighing; and all those who came there, one after the other, and left her, weeping, to follow a husband, have retained for their Queen a complete adoration.

An immense pity which seems detached from everything, which expects nothing in return, which pardons everything, which exists on a lofty plane, — this, I think, is the rare and almost superhuman gift which this Queen received from suffering, deceptions, and ingratitude. But with her ardent nature, with her passionate enthusiasm for everything good and noble, she must have had many disillusionments, many disappointments, many revulsions of feeling, before coming to that higher-than-earthly smile, which now seems to be an integral part of her.

"Almost every one of us has had his Gethsemane and his Calvary," she has written somewhere. "Those who have risen again afterwards no longer belong to this earth."

Of all the remembrances which I have retained of this Castle of Sinaia, among the most charming, I find the morning walks along the footpaths of the forest. Those were moments when I was permitted to talk a little more at length to her Majesty. At

Sinaia, which is a residence in a wild region high in the Carpathians, the life of the Court was more simple than at the large and luxurious palace at Bucharest. The Queen, during these walks, had almost familiar manners, — this royal family did these things so gracefully!

It was about nine o'clock generally in the gay sunlight of the morning, which was chilly, it being the end of September. A servant came to my door and informed me, with his Roumanian accent, "Her Majesty is going out, and wants you downstairs, M. le Capitaine." So I went down quickly, running down the stairs, on the thick oriental carpet, between splendid sets of armor. Downstairs, outside on the terrace, I found the Queen, smiling, the beautiful Greek lines of her figure free and straight in a European costume of white cloth. (The Roumanian costume and the long veil were not required except in the interior of the castle.) Beside her, in a black dress, leaning on her arm was the Princess of Hohenzollern (mother of King Charles I, and mother of the late Queen of Portugal). Then two or three young ladies of the court, no longer in oriental costume, but elegantly dressed like

little Western ladies in neutral colors, somewhat like English girls. The change was so complete that it made them altogether different persons.

The bracing mountain air was delicious to breathe. The sun was shining brightly; there was already that bright light of Eastern countries, in spite of the keen cold of the blue sky. There were little icy drops on the grass and moss, little crystals of white ice. And we started by gravel paths which went suddenly deep into the forest under the giant fir-trees.

The Queen seemed to be quietly happy, her face as always fresh and in repose. And yet she had already worked four or five hours, having arisen before daylight, the first one in the castle. Shut in by lamplight in a luxurious little alcove in the centre of a turret, she had already performed her daily tasks, written letters, given orders, covered several pages with her beautiful clear handwriting. This she had done in order to be free to occupy herself altogether with her "daughters" and with her guests, — to give herself entirely to the receptions of the day, to music, to conversation, and to games.

Sometimes King Charles also joined these

morning promenades. He arrived, buttoned up as always, in his military tunic, this admirable soldier-king.

As I have mentioned his name, I hope I may be permitted to say a word also about his appearance which was at once benevolent and grave. His features were very regular and extremely fine-cut, and framed in a jet-black beard. On his forehead, a line of profound reflection or perhaps of pre-occupation habitually darkened his face. But his smile brightened everything, a good smile and attractive like that of the Queen. There was a great deal of cultured simplicity, and much naturalness in his Majesty. And he had a most perfect courtesy for his guests.

Usually the King walked apart very soon with the Princess of Hohenzollern. And the Queen herself at such times did not disturb the intimate talks of this mother and son, united by such visible tenderness, and so soon to part (for I remember also that day of farewells when the Princess departed for Germany and when all of us went to conduct her to the Austrian frontier). It is with a peculiar sentiment of veneration that I remember her, still so pretty in spite of her years, in her long laces and her black

dowager dresses. She seemed to me to be an ideal princess, and also an ideal mother, having a resemblance to mine when she was looking at her son.

As I am not a Roumanian, and as I shall probably never return to that far Castle where I was honored with such unforgettable hospitality, I feel quite free to say how exquisite this royal family is in every way. I only wish that I could express this in terms which do not seem like the praises of courtiers.

At some distance from the Castle, in a glade, there is a strange hunting lodge in primitive Gothic style, filled with bear-skins, the horns of aurochs, the heads of wild oars and stags. The Queen has a mysterious and very secluded work-room there. The whole dwelling makes one think of some cottage of Sleeping Beauty, which has been preserved somehow since the Middle-Ages in the shelter of the fir-trees.

This was the general meeting place every morning before going back to the Castle to dress for midday dinner. There we met the maids of honor and the "daughters" of the Queen who had come by another road, and had not been on the walk through the forest.

It was there that I first heard the Queen read to us one of the novels which she signs "Carmen Sylva." A religious silence reigned as soon as the music of her voice began. It was a touching little story, written with rare dramatic power, and I remember how I was thrilled as I listened to her.

But this is not the place, in these hasty notes, to speak of her talent as a writer. I do not even want to mention this subject, which ought to be treated in a much more serious manner, in long chapters. If I have spoken of this reading, it is only to relate a little anecdote which lingers in my memory.

Before beginning, the Queen had wanted to put on her eye-glasses which were fastened to her corsage by a clasp, with one of those magnificent diamonds such as only queens have. Her "daughters" who surrounded her had protested, saying, "No! That is not becoming to your Majesty. We don't want you to hide your eyes. That is a shame!" One especially, who was acting the spoiled child, nearest her, was violently opposed to it; and the Queen smilingly yielded.

But at the end of some pages, her eyes being somewhat tired, she looked at the young girl with a supplicating smile and said

with her golden voice, as if in prayer, "Oh, but you don't know how that tires me!"

This little sentence, pronounced in this tone, by a Queen, seemed an adorable thing to me.

However, I was near enough to her Majesty to be able to follow somewhat on the pages which she turned, and I was greatly surprised to see that what she was reading in French was written in German. It would have been impossible to guess it, for there was not the slightest hesitation in her charming reading, and even her improvised sentences were always harmonious.

Only once she stopped for a word which escaped her, — the name of a plant of which she could not remember the equivalent French name. "Oh!" she said, looking around the ceiling. And she began to tap impatiently with her foot, as someone looking for something. Then, all at once, shaking the arm of the girl sitting next to her, "Come, why don't you hurry and tell me that word, you little blockhead?" Her voice and her charm are needed to make of this very homely sentence, which would have seemed trivial in another's mouth, something royally elegant and royally sweet. It was

also so little expected and so very funny, that we all began to laugh. And yet, it was at a moment in the reading when the tears were coming to our eyes, we were listening so absorbedly. Carmen Sylva, reading her own works aloud, is the only person who has ever, with a fiction, moved me enough to make me cry. Perhaps that is the highest praise I can give her talent. For even at the theatre, where so many persons are moved to tears, this never happens to me.

I heard her once doing the same "tour de force" of translation with the Roumanian language. She was reading aloud an old ballad of the mountains and transposing it in a rhythmic French which seemed to be poetry. Apparently for her, one language or another made little difference in rendering her thought. In this she is like those accomplished musicians who play a piece in one key or another with the same ease and the same intensity of sentiment.

There! I am forced by the inexorable date which has been set for me to stop these notes here. . . . I think that I have not said anything I should like to have said. I meant to talk of her Majesty, Queen Elisabeth of Roumania; and I have limited my-

self to turning around my subject which is too profound. I have described the setting, rather than the face which I have hardly dared to touch, even lightly, in my extreme respect, and in my fear of not making the portrait beautiful enough.

I hope that her Majesty will not hold it against me — should this come to her notice by accident — that I have tried to sketch her shadow. But nevertheless, that sentence of her *Pensées* in which one would say that she has painted herself, frightens me a little: "There are ladies majestically pure, like swans. Annoy them, and you will see their plumage ruffle for a second. Then they turn away silently to take refuge in the bosom of the waters."

LETTERS OF QUEEN ELISABETH (CARMEN SYLVA)

[It is said that a distinguished American woman who had been permitted to read several of these letters afterwards visited the Queen, and by way of compliment to her letter-writing, remarked: "It would have given me greater delight to have been the recipient of those beautiful letters from your Majesty than to become your successor." To which the Queen replied with a gracious smile: "Then be happy, my dear friend, in knowing that they are a message from my heart, and dedicated to every appreciative friend who may read them."]

Sinaia, June 29, 1901

Sir: —

Did I really not thank you for your beautiful gift that gave such intense pleasure, and that I valued so highly? I was quite shocked at learning it, as I had felt so sure of having thanked you and told you how your really kind thoughts and most beautiful gift touched me!

There is scarcely anything that gives such

pleasure to one who holds the pen, as a good book, finely bound. It is like a living thing to him, like a friend and companion! You are doubly kind to think of me again the moment you have something beautiful and so highly appreciated to offer, as if I had not at all seemed ungrateful!

I can only answer that it will be an immense joy, and the signature of one of my most admired poets, of one who can never know what comfort he has been to me in the hour of need! I drew life and strength and comfort from those pages when nothing would comfort me, and never can be grateful enough for the high born words coming from high born souls through all Eternity! To show you that I am not so thankless as I seem, I send you the copy of one of my first trials in English verse. I delight in the instrument I have used, nearly for the first time, and think it grand!

The English language is so rich, offering the advantages of the German and Latin thoughts and expressions, and in such simple form that a child can understand it, except Browning whom nobody can understand! Omar Khayyam is much clearer. I think if I feel inspired in that way and you don't

think the trial a failure, that I may continue with that sort of poem till they form a small volume. I should be so glad to offer that to the kind and sympathetic American public that has received me so warmly.

But if it is not worth while I give it up. I would not publish something that has no value or charm for anyone, and that I may think too well of, being a first trial, but it came so easily that I felt confidence. If it had been hard labor I shouldn't have any hopes of its being bearable!

Mr. Upson's charming book has given me such intense pleasure that I tried to say so in very awkward verse. I wish he would open his portmanteau again after a little while and let us have the joy of feeling the ioncoruer [?] he wishes to show us, and that has become an intellectual home to those who have read and reread those lovely lines!

Most gratefully,

ELISABETH,

Queen of Roumania

[The Queen seems to have accustomed herself to look upon Death not as an enemy, but rather as a friend and deliverer from the "hot struggles and burning tears" of life.

In the following letter her beautiful tribute to old age, and the calm resignation with which she views its approach will be an inspiration to those who are not disposed to look upon it with equanimity. Later she wrote: "I am entering now the valley I always dreamt of when I was twenty, those beautiful sixty years I so longed to reach when life was the hottest and the battle fiercest! . . . I always thought it must be so peaceful! And it is still more beautiful than I thought! One feels like entering something softly white and warm and sunshiny, after all those storms! I have saluted old age in several poems already, as it is truly delicious and delightful. The soul grows calm, no more anxious, and there is something so much brighter than hopefulness: Philosophy and deep childlike confidence in the guiding powers that conduct our wee planet with all its shortcomings."

In the letter written shortly after the death of her mother she says: "Every time I see the doors of Heaven open, my longing grows almost unbearable! But I am ready to stay as long as I must, and ready to help as long as I can, and ready to bear what is ordained for me to bear."

Later when she became absorbed in the foundation of Segenhaus, she exclaims: "I see the whole thing, and I who always hated life, and only wished for death, almost continually, am beginning to want to live in order to make my work live, and to prop it up so that it will go on after my death, without a break or a shake."]

Sinaia, July 1, 1901.

Kind Sir: —

I always believed in the *Telegraphie des âmes*, long before the telegraph without wire was invented, but a more wonderful proof of this has never been seen than yesterday. In the morning I sent off the MSS. to you in hopes of giving you and a much admired and beloved poet a little pleasure, and didn't know that you are a great lover and collector of the same. Forgive me for writing, nevertheless, with the typewriter, and even making faults with the keys, as my hand is very tired and over-worked and I have to spare it for the kind of work I sent you a sample of; but you shall have a volume of my handwriting, which for the first time I was hesitating in copying, on account of that tired hand. Formerly I copied in order to rest from

overwork. But now I have to take care, if I want to go on with all the work as before. My hand was photoed under the Rontgenrays, and a doctor said that one was much mistaken in thinking I was gouty; there was not a trace of gout, but the sure sign of overwork, as the liquid that ought to be between the joints is completely gone, and at the slightest occasion small inflammations form in the joints of the fingers, a very painful and uncomfortable thing, as I can't shut or open them any more, and have constant pain.

Therefore my book will have a much higher value, as I think twice now before copying! I have really done too much of that. And I still want to play the piano a little, at least Bach, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. The modern ones won't do for me, as they are too fatiguing for the hands, and have given me inflammations already. The typewriter till now seemed to be quite bearable, only with the great inconvenience of the noise, which after a time seems to tell on my nerves, as the faults increase in the measure of the fatigue. It is so tiresome! I have found that when I try to sit very straight and very far off, the faults seem to be less frequent, so

hat is a sure sign that the head gets too tired. And then I spent too little time on the learning. I hear that in America one learns not to look at the keys so that the eyes don't get tired by rushing after the fingers! I often write the next letter first, and as the letters are so funnily distributed, the faults are quite unnatural, and not to be guessed! It is so stupid!

My editor in America, Davis, saw a fairy tale Mr. Sydney Whitman had asked me for and published in the New York Herald, and then he asked me directly for several volumes of them, and wants to publish them in nine languages at once, illustrated. I write them in German, as I dared not undertake writing directly in English; only lately have I ventured to write English verse, and found it so delicious that I think of making a whole volume of those I sent you and Mr. Le Gallienne. I shall send you some more photos to show you that I used one of Omar Khayyam's sayings as a motto, and had it lithographed so that it might always go with the picture. If you will kindly add an old edition, or a new one, to the sending of the precious one you kindly promised me, I should be extremely grateful, especially if it was signed

by the poet, as I imprudently gave mine away, thinking to give comfort, and never got it back again! I also lent my Upson to the Princess and haven't yet seen it again. One ought never to lend a book one is fond of, as one misses it sadly if it isn't returned, and people are so little conscientious with that! To me a book is a real friend and companion. I look at it with loving eyes where it stands, and open it with a feeling of Bible-reading and better, as Bible-reading is not always your own choice.

Omar Khayyam has spent many a sleepless night of dreadful pain and heart beating with me, and has been read and read again, and loved and cherished, and has helped me to bear life just for that night longer, when I thought the next night could not be borne, and begged people not to speak of next week, as I couldn't bear to think that I should be alive another day! In that time Omar Khayyam dropped on to that furnace of a bed by mere chance, as I also discovered Nietzsche all by myself, not having even heard his name in those days yet. I am a little far from the centre, and nobody helps me. I have to find things all alone. So I discovered Nietzsche, and I nearly screamed

when I got hold of Zarathustra as the first thing, and wrote to my editor, if there was more of that man!!!!!!! You can imagine what it was to find Jenseits von Gut und Böse, and so on! Of course it is not all of the same value, but so grand and free, and such real poetry! Oh! That was one of the best moments, Omar Khayyam and Nietzsche! Really, life looked almost bearable after all. And now that old age is setting in, and my hair has turned snow-white, I begin to think life very precious and so much more interesting than when one is in the middle of it, struggling and fighting and suffering. I begin to suffer no more, but to become a philosopher, and now life is getting a new and finer aspect. There is a sort of solitude which is quite charming; one seems to stand aloof and let others play the comedie humaine! Death is so near and dear, an old friend, that can torture you no more as you are nearer the goal; your tears become rare, and are seldom shed for yourself any more, but you feel as if you lived in a soft cool light, behind some very soft white and pure curtain, in a new childhood, without pain, and grief and thunderbolts rushing into your poor heart any more. It couldn't bear

them any more, as it has had rather too much of them, and then kind Nature and tired destiny allow a feeling of rest and unconcern and irresponsibility to creep over you, and it is still more delicious to be near upon sixty than I thought before! And when I was in the hot struggles and burning tears of twenty, I longed so to be sixty years old, convinced that then peace would set in. And it seems to set in before that happy age is reached.

Work is growing ever dearer and easier again, since the bodily weakness is no more so great, and work comes to me without my seeking, but is literally offered to me! Now I thought of something to earn a little money with, as I had a misfortune with an undertaking for an orphanage and deaf and dumb house founded by my poor mother, who is now a sad invalid, unable to move or speak. I had organized a doll show, which was a very great success in many towns of Europe, last in London; then I begged Mr. Davis if he would undertake to send it all over America so that there might be a new source of money forthcoming for the orphanage that bears my martyred brother's name. The dolls were sent, he took enormous

trouble about them, had everything arranged and promised a beautiful sum so that my mother wept for joy at the making sure of the future of her beloved home for the poorest children! And when the dolls arrived they had been so badly packed that they were all broken! I told nobody of that disaster! But I am thinking day and night how to help before my poor sick mother hears of the spoiling of that beautiful plan. If I can, she shall never hear of it. I told it to no one, so that it is quite impossible that she can hear of it by chance. I haven't given them the address of Davis, so that they can't write and ask.

Whilst I was making the leaves for you, I thought that there are many rich people in America who do good by millions! Now if I was to make a whole volume of such manuscript poems, one might perhaps sell them or chromo them and sell them in that way, and so fill the gap that I can't fill, as I am of course overwhelmed with my own poor, and never have a penny of my own. I am la Reine Dagobert, but my brain may be made useful without my conscience screaming that I am taking the bread away from my own children to give it to my old home I love so

dearly! I already undertook to publish the life of my brother in several languages, and illustrated, for the house that bears his name, but that is not quite ready yet, and will cost me a great deal on account of the illustrations. But perhaps there may be an amateur who would pay for a manuscript illustrated by me, or it would be worth while to chromo it, though that is also very expensive. I meant to write to Mr. Davis about it, as he has had all my literary things and has been so very kind about the dolls. I don't quite know what to do just now. I have only one wish, to make my poor dying mother as happy as I can, and to show her that her work will be continued after her death by loving hands and great piety.

I am shocked at the faults. I beg your pardon! I am so afraid that my letter will be quite a fatigue to read, instead of a pleasant occupation! But do please thank Mr. Le Gallienne for his beautiful book and accept my kind thanks again and again, and also the manuscript book I shall very soon send you for your collection.

I always say: "Put one little word into your life and before every bit of work you have to do!" And that word is "For!" *For*

someone or something, you could do anything! Martyrs and learned men have shown it. "For" is the whole secret of life! "For" is the mainspring of life! Oh! That may be the subject of a poem, the tiny word with the deep meaning!

Thanks again and again, and never doubt the *Telegraphie des âmes!*

ELISABETH

Sinaia, July 2, 1901.

Sir: —

Omar Khayyam has arrived! Oh the beauty of a book! I am in ecstasies about it! Got it last night and have been reading since half past two!! Again kind thanks for the joy you gave me, and thanks to the poet for writing his name in it.

Your book is going to be finished in another day; I am copying away as fast as I can and writing new ones, to complete the volume. It is the very last thing I am writing, all about the Rhine and its wine. Then I think of tearing a piece of my heart off for you! I have got several complete books copied for me by our great and beloved poet Alexandri, of whom I translated a great deal. He copied every word I translated for

me and some things besides. I shall send you one of my four books, as I wish to see my country worthily represented in your beautiful collection. You can have a volume by our great young poet Helen Vacaresco. I daresay you read the Bard of the Dimbovitza, translated by me into English, she herself having written it in French, — a collection of Roumanian poetry, arranged by her. I think it is the greatest literary event of our century. And the French seem to think so too as the Academie has crowned her and given her a great prize for that work! If you write to her to Paris through the Legation de Roumanie, and tell her that I said she would copy a book for you, I am sure she will do it. Tell her that you got one from me as well, and the Bard of the Dimbovitza in English, and a book from our beloved Alexandri. It took some time before people seemed to see the greatness of the poet and the book, but now they have at last come to the understanding.

Who is the lady who has published Omar Khayyam, and why is it called the Philosophical Press, and why the green pine tree? I seem very funny to you with my questions, but I want to know your world and to let

you know mine as much as I can. I was always told that Americans make the most beautiful editions and are fond of them, and now I see the exquisite taste that prevails in every book of luxury I set eyes upon. Oh how I wish I could see America! My great-uncle explored it, when it was still in the hands of the red Indians. He lived amongst them where now is highest civilization, and brought home most beautiful pictures and a very rich and interesting book. My father has also been in America, and painted a great deal there, most charming water-color sketches, so that I feel as if I knew America; but the America of half a century ago, which is no more like modern America at all.

My great-uncle was a natural philosopher of renown and value, as his name stands in every natural history book to this day, and it was delicious to listen to him. He was called Prince Maximilian of Wied, and his Museum was sold to America when my father had died and my mother was afraid of not being able to keep it fresh and beautiful for my brother.

It seems so funny to read the names of the Indian places — "Dakota," and "Blackfoot

Indians," as towns, Wausau was also Indian! And now probably a most civilized town! What a wonderful country yours is! I long to see it. All the Hiawathas are gone, of course, but still the perfume of something so strange has remained, and highest civilization planted on that mould! It must be most astonishing.

I wonder if a lady — a tragedian — I know since many years would have a chance of success in America. She had left the stage in Germany and has been so rapidly supplanted by young people that she can't find a place any more and is very much in need of one. She thinks of going to America, and of reading my things in public. She has also learnt English in order to be able to play Shakespeare in English. She has taken the utmost pains, but I don't know if the slightest strange accent is bearable to American ears. She is very grand as Lady Macbeth, Medea, Lady Orsina, and so on, but nowadays people don't want old tragedies, they want modern pieces. She would try, if I could get her some recommendations. It is a great bore isn't it? But I really don't know what to do for her. Do you think people would like to hear her read my things? How much more I

should like to read them myself! ! I don't like very much other people's reading as it always seems too emphatic and not simple enough. Then one generally likes my voice so much, I often read after musical performances in my salon, with accompaniment of the harp, that seems very pleasant, but generally one likes my voice best without accompaniment. A professional tragedian will emphasize; of course one can't prevent that, but she has good taste, and a fine organ, and fine movements, and is altogether pleasant and intelligent — a very respectable woman. She went and got married to a literary man, of course as poor as can be, writing no novels! Shall I risk to send her over? Do you think she might read and even get into some theatre? America is so large! One always says it so quickly as if it was a town or a district, and it is a world! ! !

I don't quite like to send someone so artistically helpless into such a world to swim or sink! It doesn't seem the right thing to do, if one can't go on protecting, even there.

Beg Le Gallienne to go on with his Persian translations and adaptations, it is so delicious! One feels quite refreshed in this

time of amphitheatre literature, and Scalpel novels! Really I always say nowadays one doesn't think of producing Art, but only science, in its most unpleasant form. They say that Michael Angelo used to go into the amphitheatre and dissect for himself, and make muscle after muscle from the corpse, but he never gave us that as Art; he never even showed his studies. Nowadays you must show how well you can dissect and how pretty the muscles look and the intestines and everything that kind Nature hides under a pleasant shape! I don't say that of your American writers, as I adore them and can't get enough of them; they are so healthy, so witty and so deep; and so full of imagination! The worst are the French, as their literature is really so very old — six centuries — that it is difficult for them to find something new to write about. And so they are very decadent, very refined and interesting, but often so indiscreet! Zola is no novelist at all; he is a moralist, with a powerful pen and no imagination at all; but great strength of observation. I wonder what a coming time will think of that novel literature, that has become so enormous and plays such a part in the world now! I have also written some, but feeling all the time a little bit

ashamed of myself for writing what seems to me so inferior when one can write poetry.

I thank you so much again, and hope to send the books off in a few days, if I can write on without interruption.

With renewed thanks,

ELISABETH,
Queen of Roumania

Sinaia, July 9, 1901.

Sir: —

I send you something infinitely more interesting than a copy. I send you the original manuscript of several of my stories, as I always used to write them formerly — and have done so again this time — straight into a book, out of which I copy and change for publishing much later, only when the time for publishing comes. Therefore I had to copy "Canzone Tedesca" and "The Sphynx" first, as the one can't be published yet in German, and the other is going to be published in English, perhaps, and certainly not in German for many years. The others have been published long ago, and I often read them aloud; people like them particularly.

But I daresay you have nothing of that kind yet, as people generally don't begin by

writing into books, as they are in a hurry to publish. I, on the contrary, kept my things often for many years before publishing. I only thought of that after I was thirty-five, when people took the pains to copy and to recopy my things. Then I thought: "If my things are worth such painstaking, they are also worth being published!" Else perhaps my things would have remained unpublished until to my death. Today I have even ventured to write in English, and I hope it doesn't sound as if a stranger had written it. I thought and felt it in English, and so I hope it may be agreeable to a delicate English ear.

You may see that I correct very little, on the first writing of a thing. Sometimes later, in publishing, I generally add some details, as I don't like to copy without correcting. I am sure you will be pleased with this gift as it is something you never had before, or at least very seldom. I am told that Théophile Gautier never corrected; that he began at the first word and stopped at the last, in the same clear, magnificent handwriting, without one correction; but I don't think he wrote into books, as he published immediately. My habit came from the security of not publishing, and now I never write into books any more, except poems,

as I think of getting them out of my hands without copying them again!

There is one poem book into which I always wrote straight, and there you can see lots and and lots of Sonnets even, without a word changed in them.

The book of Omar Khayyam is delicious, — such deep philosophy! I hope Mr. Le Gallienne will go on and give us more by and by. The way it is printed is charming. I am working hard at the book with the English poems on parchment, finely painted and written in Gothic letters, to make them look like a very old manuscript. Their only fault is their being modern today, but that fault they will most certainly lose by and by, if they don't get burnt or into some dire mishap! ! ! I am afraid one can't chromo them. Many people tried every way of publishing my big gospel book, but even to photograph it would be so dear that one had to give it up; and as to chromoing it, that cannot even be thought of; there is nobody rich enough to pay for that! So these things have to remain single, which to my mind enhances their value, and makes them much nicer! I was quite happy when I heard that they were unpublishable. I meant that book to remain in the wonderful church of

Curtea de Argesh and never to move from there. In that church the King wishes to be buried; and as our only child is buried in the garden of Cotrodeni, I wanted her memory at least to be found in the future burial-place. And as she died on Thursday before Good Friday, I wrote the whole of the passion after the four Gospels in Roumanian, and illuminated the sixty big pages! I have done my brother's life like that, two hundred pages, all illuminated, and many other infinitely small and larger books that I cannot even enumerate so fast. I have worked so much in my life that it is no wonder my hands are tired! But I hope to do a good deal more before I am called away.

If I could sell this book to some great amateur — as the doll show can be no more — it would be a great joy. I would never tell my mother that the dolls are broken, but lay the money before her, without telling her where it comes from. She wept for joy at the great success of her lifelong work and the assurance of her orphanage having its own capital and being safe for always. I couldn't tell her that it has come to nothing! No, I couldn't, when she can even talk no more, not even say when she is anxious or sad! I can't take away a penny

out of my poor country that has been nearly famished, and for which my money, as it is, is quite insufficient. But what I earn with my work, nobody can ask what I do with that, and I can give it away as I please. I am quite like the Queens in the legends; they never had a penny of their own, and were always scolded by some wise husband, who had to pay when everything was gone, and then they were called Saints and the poor husband was called names! ! !

I am sure Elisabeth of Hungary was extremely thoughtless when she put a Leprose into her own bed. Just fancy the feelings of her husband; and then he was called bad for not liking it, and for feeling uncomfortable, when he always had to pay when she had spent more than her share! ! ! ! I'll once write the story from that point of view; one could make it very amusing. Never anybody thought of the poor husband! ! He was very good, perhaps, as he finished his days in holy land, but he might have enjoyed just a little bit more comfort at home! But when people will be saints, the husband is generally sacrificed! I had a cousin who was Grand Duchess of Russia. Well, she went about like a pauper, never had a dress to put on, as the last one had gone as

a wedding dress for some poor girl, and she died as a nun, after having been most awfully unhappy all her life! Her husband wasn't a bad man, but he couldn't stand it, and had another household somewhere and made her as miserable as she could be; but she couldn't help it for her life!

I think everything is predestination! You can't help yourself; I can't help myself. I must write and paint missals! It is in me. I can't say what I feel, but the first time I saw a missal under glass I nearly screamed. I thought I would be ill if I couldn't hold it in my hand, and when they let me have it I saw the missal I was going to paint, as if it had been written already. Perhaps I am the soul of some old nun or monk or medieval Queen who painted missals all their lives! It is nearly a physical delight, and the greatest pleasure I have. At the great gospel book I worked up to fourteen hours a day. I write all this, because I think that you must be a real book worm and have the same intense passion for the thing that I have. I nearly trembled with excitement before Breviaire Grimani in Venice. It was the most comical scene one could witness, between my eagerness to see and old Veludo's anxiety not to let me touch it! But

we spent five hours over it, and by that time he would have let me hold it on my lap and turn the leaves and do anything, and when we separated we nearly embraced, such friends we had grown through the same passion! But it was too funny! ! I'll perhaps once write the scene; it is worth while in that *milieu!* The rain was rushing down over the windows and we were sitting over Grimani, and whenever he wanted to turn a leaf I screamed and wouldn't allow it, till it was photographed into my brain! He was accustomed to show it rapidly to some crowned heads who took no more interest in it than in many other things they were shown, and had to be shown, if they liked it or understood it or not! The poor crowned heads can't always be cultivated in every direction and have a passion for old money, which I hate, and for medals I can't look at, and for old books, and for horses, and for their own financial difficulties, and pictures of Lucas Kranch, which are so ugly, and Albrecht Dürer and Holbein, and all those grand, dreadful, truthtellers in pencil and colour! One can't love everything! I have a horror of old things that one buys at the antiquary's. It makes my flesh creep to think of the people who may have touched those

things, the crimes that may have been committed around them, the horrors that they may have witnessed; it is as if something of dreadful atmospheres could never go out of them! I turned quite faint when they showed me the blood-stained masquerade clothes of King Gustav in Sweden, and even offered me to touch. Fancy to touch such a horror!!! But an old missal has only been touched with pious hands, and written with a pious heart, else you couldn't do it, — the work is too tremendous!

Very soon I will send the poems and I hope you will think them worth something. They can of course only have an amateur fancy price. I leave that entirely to you as it is a charity. I have not the slightest idea what such things are paid.

Can't you write an article to prevent those poor people dying like that in New York? Tell them that we have got 32 degrees Reaumur, about their heat, every summer. We had 28 in March, Reaumur, and 32 in June, and have several months of heat yet, as in October we have up to 28 Reaumur still, and nobody thinks of dying of that! But everybody drinks enormous quantities of iced water, never a drop of wine, no spirits, only

water or lemonade, or curds and whey, made in a form to make it extremely light and digestible; boiled first, and made sour then. They eat no meat, only fruits and vegetables; but the principal thing is water, as much harmless liquid as you can get into your body, to prevent the blood from thickening. A little iced tea or iced coffee with a great deal of milk, if you can't do without a stimulant; but all stimulants are bad, even tea and coffee; much better only iced water, as much as you can drink.

Fancy if our thinly populated country would die of heat! What should we do! And hundreds have died in New York! Your home must be rather warm, so that you must know that in the tropics they give you peaches and oranges for your breakfast. Everything else heats the body and thickens the blood. When people are not accustomed to bear such heat they don't know what to do with themselves, and do just the things that are most imprudent. Why don't the doctors speak, or don't they know? One must live in such furnaces as we do to know all about that!

I am writing away at a most curious story, in English, to fill the volume you are going to have; but I find that my handwriting has

suffered very much indeed. It shows signs of age and fatigue already. I am so sorry! It used to be very fine. But nevertheless it will be interesting to see the different stages! I find it very difficult to write again with the pen. I try to hold it between all the fingers alternately, and it is uncomfortable in every way! Only in the Gothic letters there is not a sign of weakness yet, and no cramp at all. The blessed little typewriter restores the possibility of double work. Only the stupid mistakes! But I hope to get out of that soon!

I'm afraid that I have kept you too long already, if it is true that "time is money" — which I don't quite believe. Thought is worth so much more than time and money both!

ELISABETH,
Queen of Roumania

I open my letter once more! There is an old friend of mine, the first composer in Germany of our days. He is called August Bungert; he has just finished his lifelong work, "The Homeric World," — words and music by him. Several parts of this tetralogie have been played for the first time already, and in Dresden he was called sixty times — Sixty! ! They

were mad! When he got home to the Rhine he found his house decorated by the first artists, and his bust before the door with a Muse crowning him. So you see he is quite a celebrity. Shall I send him to America to get his four Operas played there? Would it interest the people? I think so, and it would give me pleasure, as we have made hundreds of songs together. You have an Opera, as I see. Perhaps you would like to get the new operas played there. I can tell him so, if you answer in the affirmative.

Sinaia, Castel Pelesh, the Pelesh Castle,
August 8, 1901.

Kind Sir: —

I don't know where to begin and how to thank you enough for the books I value so highly, and for your kind invitation. Don't you know that Queens are slaves, and tied to the galley bench from which they are not allowed to stir! But if you come here with your dear wife and child it will be a great joy to me. Then you will see what the Pelesh Castle is like. It has been built by us, our own home, on the spot our only child loved, near the Pelesh she used to play by and call with

her dying lips: "Mamma! nice cold Pelesh water! oh Pelesh water!"

I must change the subject — I am so sorry that the photos and poems I wrote and painted for you and Omar Khayyam have not arrived yet. There seems to be a great slowness when there is a weight! I had thought of the photos already — I should be so happy to have yours and your dear wife's and only child's pictures. One likes to see, though the soul telegraph works ever so well! I wish I could show you where we live, as we can say we carried the stones! Now the King has added many new buildings to the castle for the Prince his successor and his family. The whole valley of the Pelesh is full of houses, far too many to my taste. I loved the solitude we lived in formerly, but now Sinaia, which was a single Monastery where we lived in summer for thirteen years beside the monks, in whitewashed cells I loved so! Sinaia has become a mountain town, of which most of the houses are far from tasteful. You know how such things grow, but with better taste than here.

Thanks for all the pictures. That must be indeed wonderland! How I wish I might see it! Fancy how small the world is that separates us so completely! The book you send me to

write into was translated by a young man who died at thirty years of age. His sister came here last year as the American minister's wife, and told me that she so longed to see me once in her life, as her brother was Mr. Bowen! Then I told her how I had wished to write to him, not knowing he was dead, and having lost his address; but I owe to him one of the most beautiful moments of my life. Some ten or twelve years ago I was very ailing indeed, and wanted to hurry to some quiet nook by the seaside, and chose Wales, as I had written a book about it, at least placed a novel there, and thought the mild climate would do me good, which it did. And the warm hearts of the people did still more for me! For I was sad! Well, I was for one day in London in what I thought the deepest incog. I was starting in the morning before seven from the hotel, when my carriage was surrounded by work people and one man in a spotty jacket, I think he was a painter, gave me two large handfuls of mignonette. He had to hold them with both hands, and said: "Here is mignonette for you Madam!" And then they cheered me for my Songs of Toil! Everybody had tears in their eyes! It was so beautiful, perhaps a hundred or more working men cheering me for having

thought of them and loved them and their work! And I could not even thank Mr. Bowen for that moment of intense happiness that I owed to him and his beautiful little book!

I shall send you some of my things, but there are so few translated as yet into English. There are the Pelesh stories, fairy-tales and legends, almost all invented by me about our mountains here. There is the story of the Pelesh, which is a hidden story of my own life almost clad in fairy-tale. Yes, the little mountain stream has been a great friend to me in a very heavy life! Its songs have often comforted me; now I can't often go near. I listen to him from the house as I still lead very much of an invalid's life. But from the couch I am writing on I look into the big forest, as if the firs and beeches were walking into my room! It is very, very beautiful! That has not hindered the heart-break that had to be suffered, but still it is a great blessing to have a beautiful home! For many years I would not even see the castle, as I thought it unbearable to have a large house and no child, but now I love it, and am thankful for the beauty of it, though it is so big and so silent! The children of the Prince come sometimes and dine with us or have tea with me, and then they run about

and are happy and fill the castle with merry sounds, but then the sounds die away again and the large silence remains, very grand, very solemn and imposing, just like the King who built it, and who is a reserved and silent man, with his sculptural features and great imposing gravity. But I always have plenty of artists about me, and we make music all day long. Our young genius Enesco is not twenty, yet he plays the violin most remarkably, the piano wonderfully, as he plays everything he has heard, Beethoven Symphonies and Wagner from end to end and anything you want to hear, and he composes very beautifully. His things have been played in Paris when he was but sixteen, by the Concert Colonne, an honour not many young artists can boast of. Then there is our excellent violoncellist, Dinico. We have him here all the summer, and my secretary, Dall 'Orso, who plays the violin very well and has a most beautiful voice. I play the piano, so that we have trios and quartettes every day, and read a great deal of music. In the morning from four or even three o'clock, I write till eight. Then there is toilet and breakfast with the King, then we walk up and down on the terrace till we go to work again. From half past nine to one I

paint and play. At one, luncheon, always with the table full of guests, every day, so that Sinaia becomes so fatiguing that we have to go away for a month at the end of the season in order to be able to bear the winter with its enormous fatigues. After luncheon I am generally free at three. I go up into the little corner I am writing in, in the early morning and sleep and read there till four, when the King comes to have a cup of tea with me, and sometimes our little nephew and heir has tea with us. He is very sweet and lively, only eight years old. At five I go down into the music room where I find the group of all musical people assembled, former ladies in waiting and their children who are constantly with me and grow up as if they were my grandchildren, always near me. They also call me Mamma Regina! There we make music till eight. Often I leave the piano when the others play, and lie on a couch near it and write poems, inspired by the music. At eight, dinner, and then reading and painting some ornament or letter that one can do by lamp light, or music till half-past ten, when we try to say good night till nearly eleven. Whilst I paint, Dall 'Orso reads to me in French, German, English or Italian, so that I don't tire my eyes too much

with reading, which I did formerly many a night through to the great detriment of my eyes, that are strong, being shortsighted. But for the miniature painting one must take great care of them, else they refuse service. Therefore I bless the typewriter, as it rests the eyes and allows such quick work. Only the noise sometimes gets too much for me! I wonder if they can't invent a noiseless one for ears that are so active with so much music! People wanted to prove that my nerves were shaken; I had a good laugh at them! I think I prove daily that my nervous system is wonderful. Only when people tell me too much about their griefs and pains, I sometimes feel weak afterwards. In town I have lots of audiences all the afternoon; here we have the luncheons instead and no audiences but for exceptions, where people are in mourning and can't come to dinner. The King has comparative rest here, as in town he has to talk from ten to one, from half past one to four, from five to eight or nine, and often from nine to midnight. That are the King's days. One can't say that we are not hard working people, each in another direction! I need not tell you that I have lots of institutions for the poor and many people occupied with them. They have almost always

free entrance with me whenever there is something to ask. I need not talk about that, as that is like everybody and not original. Sisters of Charity founded by me, three societies, for giving work to the poor in town, to the peasants, and to ladies one never knows the names of. Societies for clothing children, for giving consultations gratis, and so on and on, every year a few more, so that time and brain are filled with cares of every kind, not to mention all the people who expect help from their King and Queen when no earthly power can help them any more.

You see, my life is very rich and very full and very interesting. I can't enjoy exhibitions and music festivals and galleries, but I can see everything grow about me comparatively quickly when one thinks of the past of this country! Oh if it could be administered like your country, what a paradise one might make of it! People don't ever know how happy they refuse to be made. But one must never forget the years of oppression, the centuries of misery, the distrust that has sprung up in their hearts! A peasant, if you ask him where he is going will never answer directly, but will say: "I was going to my field!" He is not sure of arriving there at all ! ! ! ! Their gravity often

makes me melancholy, as I came from the laughing Rhine, where everything and everybody wears a smile.

I thank you so kindly for every good advice! If a thing won't do, or would make an unfavorable impression, I am deeply grateful for not being allowed to do it. One can be so awkward when one doesn't know another country and its habits. I shall quietly finish my book of poems, and then there is plenty of time to think what one could do with it. Till now I only made gifts, and even the things I give to institutions have cost me a great deal of money first. From my own writings I never had anything, nor did I ask for anything. From America I get money now which will go to the orphanage I want to protect so much, and dare not send money to from here. The Roumanians were so wonderfully generous already! When I appealed to them on behalf of the doll show, and told them it was for my mother, they sent no end of money for the most beautiful doll costumes! Many gave their real shawls and brocades of ancient and high value. They made such beautiful things that the doll show became quite a precious thing and a show exhibition of all times and countries, so that learned men came to see it and

took note of it. It had been last in London for three months and thence we sent it to America. Mr. Davis kindly took charge of them, as I knew not to whom to send them, but they were badly packed in London, and arrived so broken and soiled that Wanamaker refused to expose them any more! I hid that disaster from my poor dying mother, and thought of surprising her with the amount of what the doll show might have been. But you see my pockets are not only empty, but I am always pumping at the King's Caisse, so-called debts I have not the slightest intention of repaying as not a penny is for myself. The gentlemen who administer the money said to me the other day that if there were only my expenses for myself they would not be heavy. I want so little. But other people suck and suck and I always have money for them! I should be very grateful if you would take it upon yourself, if it is no trouble or ennui, else we will think of something else. It will be such a nice thing! I have already finished fourteen big pages, many very richly painted, all such beautiful sheets of parchment as those I sent you. It will be a thing for a library or a museum. I might offer it to some rich institution in America on condition of their offering some-

thing to my mother's orphanage. Of course I shouldn't think of naming a price, as I have not the slightest idea what such things are worth, and as it is only for poor, deaf and dumb and orphans.

The gospel book I made for our wonderful church of Curtea de Argesh cost me 16000[1] francs the binding alone! And the little tiny book I made for the Princess as a wedding gift was the same price though so tiny, on ivory! Till now all my works cost me a lot of money; they never brought me anything! But then that was a part of the pleasure to allow myself to invent the outward garb as well. I must have been some monk or nun or perhaps a Queen who loved missal painting, for when I saw the first missal in the collection of my father-in-law, I grew nearly wild and felt that I must do the same! And I never changed much. I tried oil painting and made things on marble and wood and glass and so on, but I always go back to my dear books, as writing is the principal thing to me, — the fact of writing the gothic letters! Therefore the missal painting is my real vocation. I made one with the Princess in which she painted all the flowers

[1] This seems a fabulous price. The Queen must have added an extra cipher by mistake.

and I did the writing and the miniatures for every Sunday in the gospel and for every fete day in the year. You can fancy the work. It is not quite finished yet, as it is very tedious to enter into other people's inventions and only fill out when one can so well invent oneself! The book will be finished next year, when the church will be newly built and inaugurated. The Princess has promised us the binding as that is always such a deal of money. She will do that for the church in old style with jewels, so that it may look quite like one of the ancient church books.

We are not so lost in a corner of Europe but we try to make fine things, though we can't always see what other people invent. But then that enhances the value of the things. They are really medieval in this way! I didn't learn to paint, so I honestly work like the monks in the middle ages, who learnt from Nature what they knew. Nature is such a good master! One can only humbly bow one's head before her perfections and her infinite care. There is never the slightest neglect anywhere. Everything is perfect in the minutest details.

The rain is pouring down again, and going to spoil our mais, as it has nearly spoiled our wonderful corn! We should have had a wonder

of a harvest without these floods! The mais is four meters high, and in many places there are six — Ah! what do you call the mais's *epis* in English? Here I am at a loss. I never heard that word yet. What do you call the thick *dolls* that contain the grains of the mais? There are never six of them, generally two or three. But this year everything was in such profusion, only to make us unhappier! The King is so sad, and unhappy and thinks of the coming winter and its difficulties with a sinking at the heart! How I wish we were a Republic and all my subjects as independent as my kind American "subject!" — A soul subject! But to be made responsible for everything that goes wrong is very hard lines indeed!

I am afraid of tiring you with my faults and too long letter, as the typewriter tempts one to write more, and one doesn't quite measure the quantity of reading it demands. I hope by this that the photos and books and poems will have arrived.

I am so glad that the book of my beloved friend Alexandri gives you pleasure. As you know our country you will value it much more.

Pardon the faults! They seem to increase when the noise tires my head!

ELISABETH

Sinaia, August 16, 1901.

Sir: —

The books are most beautiful, the binding of "Hampelmann" charming; so tasteful, and the little books such dear ones to live with!

Your library must be worth seeing! I was charmed at your having all your light in the ceiling. I invented the same for our dining-room here, in order not to have the light in one's eyes, and yet to have it bright enough for an oak-pannelled room. Some day I hope to show you something of my home. One sees you live in your library; it isn't a dull room shut up and only visited on occasions when wanted for show or for reference! It is the everyday home in which you live. There is nothing like a lovely home to be happy in, and even to be unhappy in, if that can't be prevented; still the surroundings can be of some comfort. A saltimbanco who lived in one of those wandering gypsy cars with a wife he couldn't abide, said: "To be unhappy in marriage in a palace can't be pleasant, but fancy to quarrel and be unhappy in a car!"

I used to say that being rich makes no difference; but it does. One is not grateful enough for a good fire and a dinner served in time and

a bath when you are tired, and a clean dress and ever so many pocket handkerchiefs. No, it does make a difference, not when you are happy, but when life is rather a dark affair, then some comforts in it do make it more bearable. It would be untrue not to confess that! And if you can't get on together it is certainly easier to have several apartments instead of one cold room, and not plenty to eat, and the children crying. Poverty is in itself a much greater trial than we are always quite aware of — when even soap is too expensive, and things smell by being too well worn! One ought to teach children to thank God much oftener than they do for the smallest joys! I knew a gentleman who had taken the habit of writing down every evening what had been pleasant in the day, and at the end of the year he felt quite ashamed to see how often he had been happy and contented and had had reasons for being grateful!

Your letter seems to me a hymn of thankfulness, and it strikes me that you are one of the truly grateful ones for every joy and every blessing. I fancy friends in that delicious home, evenings talked through with the feeling of being able to ask questions and to get an answer to many of them. Philosophy in

such surroundings is decidedly more graceful than in the barrel of Diogenes, which always struck me as having been extremely dirty!

I don't like philosophy and dirt! Thought is so bright, it ought to be received like a welcome guest, with all due honors. There is only one danger in surrounding beauty: it may prevent brain work. I found that in the beginning, in the castle of the Pelesh. It was too luxurious, after the great simplicity of the monastery we had lived in for fourteen years. I had all the pains in the world to let my thought be stronger than the surroundings and work as freely as if there were no stained glass windows and fine hangings and fine pictures everywhere. I didn't see how my thought could give life to such powerful rooms with so much in them already that they didn't seem to wait for thought to make them alive. But at last I succeeded in making them look personal, and not at all like upholsterer's rooms, but like the thing I had filled with my own nature and thought. At first there were not books enough. Never can a room look comfortable without books; pictures are secondary, books are still more homely and comfortable! You can live in a room with books in it from floor to ceiling and not miss pictures, especially if you have

one very good one, a drawing even, or something rare and fine, — one single one, but books in profusion! Books ought to be scattered all over the house, even in the passages, in the bedroom, *les livres de chevet*, everywhere. In antechambers for the servants, in waiting rooms for the people who want to see you and must wait, everywhere the different kind, appropriate to the occasion! I dream of making an anteroom for my servants with every kind of work in it for them. I think it so immoral to condemn a lot of strong young men to do nothing but chatter the livelong day! I have got one who copies all day long for the blind, now, my own writings that will do for that. It gives him such pleasure! I think of making those that are not capable of brain work and writing of different keys (he is a stenograph) work carpets or something of the kind. I haven't found yet, but I shall find it. I think maids are nicer than man-servants in a private house. They are less talkative, having work at all hours. But generally I am amazed at the degree of discretion of our servants. They know and see everything and relatively how little is known and carried about! They are much discreeter than we give them credit for. They say in America everything is

so wonderfully organized that you scarcely want any servants at all. Yet somebody must clean the rooms, even a library, from time to time! Dust is not an inherent part of a nice library that you like to poke about in.

I begin to feel very much that I have written a great deal in my life. Writing with the pen has become very trying indeed, and the famous handwriting is beginning to look very irregular. It used to be so good, from the first word to the last, always the same! But now I try to hold the pen in every way, but in main it is the same fatigue.

The typewriter is quite a Godsend to me and I can even write verse upon it. The noise doesn't seem to do any harm, only after a few hours it tells on the nerves as the faults increase so visibly. They say there is a new invention of an electric typewriter over which the fingers only glide. I wonder if that is noiseless! The fingers don't get tired, they are accustomed to the piano, but the head does. I have a small couch for the nightwork, with a strong wooden table with four feet covered with green plush on it, and on that the typewriter well propped in cushions, and then I work away till I sometimes find a little hour's sleep toward morning.

The wall beside me is filled with books and shelves, with paper and everything I want so that I need only stretch my hand out and never move. All that I invented, being an invalid for so long and told by the doctors that I would have to lead an invalid's life for many a year. But in that way it is very comfortable. An Indian shawl, a wedding gift of Queen Victoria, covers me, as I don't like strong colors; they tire the eye, and take the attention away. A wooden table, dark oak, at my right elbow with a glass with cold tea, a clock and many books, often heaps of them, and editions and letters, a pleasant disorder in which I find everything instantly! Near the window a painting table of green cloth, and lots of flowers and mosses to paint from, and three more places for writing. The one is now taken up by our young genius whom I allow to work in my room in the morning, as he is composing an opera, for which I make the words. He is going to be twenty in a few days. If I send him to America, may I send him to you? I know there at least he will be taken care of, our precious young genius; you would not allow him to overtire himself! One always forgets when a young man works like a man of forty that his body is yet a child's body and

wants the greatest care and the tenderest attention. In Paris he works from morning till night and many a night through, but here I try to prevent that. Only I find that our mountain air is too strong for him. He always grows weak here. I have found that often in such heights as this, a thousand meters above the sea.

I wonder if the great composer Bungert would have any chance of being played in America? He was called sixty times in Dresden for one part of his Tetralogy! And in Germany one isn't demonstrative to that degree. I have scarcely finished a book of songs, but he has composed thirty of them already! This will also appear in autumn. Everything will be in autumn! In a fortnight I am going to the Rhine, to my poor mother. I am afraid; they say she can scarcely make herself understood at all. The impression will be very dreadful, I am quite afraid! My address there is Segenhaus, Neuwied, Rhine. I shall stay there a month most probably, and then heartrending goodbye again! It was dreadful last year and they wouldn't allow me to come before because they are all the time afraid that my leaving may kill her! The whole country wept for me last year. There was not a village of my home in

which they didn't take a lively part in that hour. There are moments in which one feels like an exile, not only like an emigrant!

And there is no philosophy that can help you over the loss of your parents, though you keep saying to yourself that you must lose them if you don't want to make them unhappy beyond what human heart can bear!

I am afraid I weary you; letters do get too long with the typewriter. One loses somewhat the measure, as it goes so quickly, — and takes less space!

Many, many thanks and best wishes.

ELISABETH

Segenhaus, near Monrepos, on the mountain in the deep and grand beechwood, like a cathedral, with the view over the Rhine.

September 19, 1901.

Kind Sir and dear Lady: —

How can I sufficiently thank you for all the warm interest you show me again and again! The exquisite little book with the most tasteful binding I ever saw, arrived at the same time as your kind letter, and as the wonderful letter, wooing and winning, which I return most gratefully. I carried the little book to my poor mother and made her smile for pleasure

handling it, and then she really read one of the poems with something of her old wonderful voice, which is entirely gone! She smiled and enjoyed my favourites so! It was Clement Marot and Froissart, of whom by the bye, I hadn't known that he was a poet as well, at least a singer, for a poet he was in every line he wrote. The dear little book will remain a *livre de chevet* with me and will look at me fondly at every hour! You have sent a smile into a time of suffering, so intense that I could scarcely hope for such a sunbeam! The love letter sounds like a bit of fairyland, and fairyland you seem to have made it, the only real one in your own heart and home, amidst grand and surprising Nature in its first purity and wildness. If people could only leave it alone instead of spoiling it mostly by wanting to bring it down to their small heads and understanding!

I am quite happy to think that my manuscript book and Alexandri's will have the honour of living in such noble company on such well-filled book shelves. I don't know if you noticed that I wrote some little things in English at the end, as I am afraid you don't read German, but perhaps in a novelette or tale I may be very awkward still, and much

stiffer than in a letter. The story "Canzone Tedesca" I copied for myself first, as it is unique and I had no other copy. It is unpublished yet in German.

My poor mother is sinking so fast that one finds her weaker from fortnight to fortnight. Her patience is something grand to behold, and a lesson for all those who approach her. She takes the most lively interest in everything that surrounds her, but when she wants to explain something it is so painful that one can scarcely stand it! The other day she wanted to explain how a new door ought to be made in the hospital, which has been made twice as large as it was before. But she could never find the word "door," nor "staircase," nor "wall," nor anything, so she took a pencil and made a sketch of what she wanted to say, and fell back exhausted. It is dreadful, and yet so touching, so beautifully borne, that one can only fold one's hands and feel as if one was learning the greatest lesson she had yet to teach before being called away. Even reading, which was her only solace, has become very difficult in the last fortnight. She said to me: "I am so afraid that — " and then she showed her forehead! But I said that for spiritualists it is quite indifferent if the instrument is of

one use any more; we know that the mind is going higher and higher and into regions where the human word becomes insufficient and is of no use any longer! The soul develops into its last phase of beauty, and we are only allowed to look on and to be silent! She is so peaceful, so smiling and gentle! It is so touching! When she has made a vain effort to speak, she will smile gently and say: "It won't do!" and give it up. But without a complaint. The power of will is all concentrated now in that marvellous patience and quiet bearing of the inevitable. She keeps telling me her last wishes and I guess what she means, and then she is content. She said the other day: "I have grown so cultivated by so much reading, but I can't make it useful any more as I can't speak!" My arrival here was dreadful when the beautiful voice had changed into a thin broken little bit of a voice and the impossibility to find the right word was in proportion to the emotion of seeing me again! She said: "I am going down, down, down, — but so slowly!"

You see I don't complain that I must see my mother go, as I don't want her to see me go and to bear the unnatural and horrible pain of losing another child! But it is very hard, and one feels as if one had to undergo the operation

of having a very necessary limb wrenched off, without chloroform! Besides, I am in the constant fear of having to leave her before she closes her dear eyes, and breathes her last breath in my arms. With that enormous vitality! But to go and leave her seems quite impossible — I think it is beyond my strength! It seems so unnatural! The King has already said at starting that he would prolong my *congé*, but of course he can't prolong it indefinitely! And she may die of the grief of saying farewell! She is in such a state at every goodbye that I wish nobody would come any more. They take her out of bed when she is not too weak, but she looks so small and so weak in her chair that I am happier when she is in bed. I hold her poor emaciated hand in mine, and talk away so that she may not try to answer. Those who are allowed to see her are deeply moved by the sort of halo spread over her head and features, — the expression that beautifies them once more! The end of a noble life cannot but be noble also and grand and beautiful in every moment!

How I wish I might avail myself of your kind invitation! My life has been rich and strange enough to let me fancy even that possible one day, if enough strength comes back to me to

bear such a journey. I do long to see that home of yours, those grand waterfalls and forests, and your child, and your books and everything! The names that surround you are as familiar to my ear as if I had lived there, but not in a civilized world, for when my great-uncle used to relate of the Wabash Indians and the Blackfoot Indians and the *grosventres des prairies* and the Dakotas and so on, he had spent a few years amongst them, learning their languages and suffering the most intense cold in the Fort Clark and in New Harmony, forty degrees Reaumur, and having the scurvy to that degree that not a tooth remained in his head. He was a very learned man and so diligent! He wrote his last book on amphibies at the age of eighty-three and worked twelve hours a day.

I could listen to him for hours, as he has explored parts of North America and of the Brazils where never a European had been. In the Brazils travelling through the virgin woods one of his Pocotudes was bitten by a rattlesnake. My uncle threw himself on his foot and sucked the wound. From that hour he could travel amongst all their tribes treated like a god, unmolested and loved; he named many flowers that were unknown till then.

A natural philosopher told me that not a book is written now-a-days in which Prince Maximilian of Wied is not named.[1] He was such a deep and serious worker! I was very fond of him and already twenty-four when he died, so that I had enjoyed much of his conversation and of the beautiful tales he could tell. We have the portraits of Mittitihancush, in excellent water colors, every picture drawn in colors by a red Indian himself as he kills an enemy and the red blood spurts all over the page! A very good painter made the journey with him and left excellent pictures. His style was perhaps not flowery enough to make his books popular, but very sagacious to a degree and his discoveries have never been gainsaid. My father also spent a year in America and brought home the most lovely water-color sketches that one can see. He painted admirably. My father wrote philosophical books, no descriptions, but his paintings were descriptions in themselves, and his letters were charming. Some of them were published after his early death. I was only twenty and he forty-nine when he died, and I long for him every day of my life! My youth has been very dra-

[1] A copy of Prince Maximilian's masterly work, in seven volumes, was sold on Feburary 26, 1919, in a New York auction-room, for $710.00.

matic amidst the dying and the martyrs of my family. And then sent into such a new country as a sort of missionary!

Kind, kind thanks for every word of interest from both of you, and my most heartfelt wishes that God may keep you happy and peaceful in the great love he has sent you!

Yours most gratefully,

ELISABETH

In the train, November 7, 1901.

Most kind friend: —

Oh how I wish I might follow your invitation and fly over the seas and gain health and strength in your wonderful fairyland, in your forests and beside your marvellous Mississippi! God knows! Never say impossible! Nothing is impossible but sometimes the simplest things. They are impossible, and what seems the wildest of dreams may come true. If ever so much liberty would be granted to me by the magic of circumstances, I certainly should avail myself of your loving invitation and enjoy with all my soul what is so largely offered! I wish America could come to Europe, and I seem to see how. We are constantly crushed by the proximity of the utter barbarism of Turkey, and I think it a burning shame that Europe

tolerates it any longer. The whole of the Balkanic peninsula suffers from that paralyzing influence! I wish I could see American capital and enterprise take hold of it in great numbers and such force that there could be no question of war, but only of a bear's embrace just sufficient to choke the life out of them without shedding a drop of blood, and then a quiet spreading out over the whole of the peninsula. Then our small countries might begin to flourish. They would no more be threatened by Russia, they would find breathing space, and an outlet for their goods, and then it would be literally indifferent who reigned here. Then the King might close his eyes in peace! Industry is the only safe and real conqueror. Couldn't you push people into enormous enterprises in Constantinople, but big enough to choke the Turks without entering on a terrible war with Russia? Only seem to have commercial interests, and then spread and strengthen your arms, and then one could no more agitate against you than a fly under a wasp! Of course a war would be dreadful, and destroy more than we could see built up again, but the strong embrace of industry, real good industry, not hazardous unreal enterprises that ruin countries and bring no blessing. Oh how

happy we might yet be! Life would become new and strong!

I so enjoyed your kind letter. I left it to my mother to take her mind from the dreadful parting. Oh that was dreadful, — one of those hot days that leave scars in the soul! There are times when duty seems to frown terribly and wear nasty garments.

I hope you can read what I write. I can't see it at all. The wagon [1] shakes and the light is not strong and not near enough for such tired eyes as mine are; then they have been working lately! I went on missal painting every evening till eleven o'clock, and now I brought on a slight inflammation in the thumb joint, so that I can't hold a pencil for several days. I can't use the thumb! Therefore I can't correct either! But I hope you will be able to overlook the faults. I can't understand why one does make so many faults after such a long time! I daresay I learnt it too unsystematically. In fact I gave no time to the machine at all, as I was then in full work in a great work: the translation into German of "Les Deux Masques" by Paul de Saint Victor. I thought the machine must obey, but it doesn't obey if you give it no time and no attention!

[1] Sleeping coach — wagon-lit.

Fancy a grand thing working in Constantinople, and all our products finding employment there! We might get out of all our troubles. We are simply too small and too insignificant to help ourselves, and we may only grow useful by belonging to a great whole. The King could do no more than open roads on every side. One man is just sufficient for one kind of work, then another must come and do the rest. And as our successor is no man of enterprise, but very much the contrary, I shall never be quiet till I don't see others step into the King's work, and make grand use of the roads he opened to civilization. I always tell him that he couldn't do more, and that probably he was not meant to do more, and that others must go on then when he is too tired to work any longer.

Oh how I wish to see enormous American capital and industry arise in the Balkans, and blow away all the dust of uncivilization! You have seen enough to judge by yourself. The King has got a deep sympathy for America, so much so that he was quite sorry not to be able to give our petroleum into American hands; but he had no confidence in the society that presented itself, and it would have been so highly unpopular a measure that he could not

well have done it. But if America lays hands on Constantinople then we are saved as well, and we shall find lungs to breathe with. Industry seems to me a much greater power than armies and ships, and if it comes in sufficient force nobody can stop it! And only think of what splendid things are to be found in our counties, that are almost unknown to themselves.

Bulgaria is dead; the inhabitants strong, but brutes; all down to the Mediterranean one doesn't even know what may be found there. The King always wanted a second bridge on the Danube, and perhaps a third, and a straight line down to Salonika from Berlin. You see it on the map do you? The King always had such grand ideas but not money and not power enough to execute them. If he could have laid hands on Bulgaria, but that would have been very dangerous, as the two races are too different. Only industry would not care for races, but roll them up and wash them away, and make them useful as far as possible. And industry would be the great power that could fight Russian influence here, and do away with Turkish barbarism. But of course it would have to come in forces like armies. It would have to be like a stream or like a sea, then the help

would be great and a war prevented, and the terrible Question d'Orient laid low without a stroke of a weapon!

Our trees and salt and petroleum and ore and peat, and I don't know what still may be hidden in the depths of our soil. Metal, even gold, there is. Nobody knows what riches are hidden in our country; then all that would find employment and issue and be useful to humanity at large, and our peasants need no more look so dreadfully unhappy! Oh do try and make people come and undertake grand things, but solid enterprises and strong capital so that it would be a great rising from out the depths of misfortune and mismanagement. The King used to say formerly: "I wish I could educate my country so that it might remain a Republic after my death!" I am afraid that is a fond hope and had to be given up, but if America comes in then it will be just as well because then the whole Balkanic peninsula will be in American hands, very soon flourishing and rich, and a great Republic even if it doesn't bear the name of one. That is a secondary question. I want to see these people happy and prosperous, and am very indifferent to dynastic interests. Dynasties are such poor things, and so very indifferent in the lives of nations.

Industry is the great dynasty that will reign forever! Do I make myself understood? We have come into this country to make it happy if we can, and till now I can't say that we have been successful. Perhaps the corruption, the remnants of Byzantinism were so great that it was impossible to clean it out sufficiently, and as long as wholesome air for breathing and pure water for drinking are wanting, there is no hope for happiness. The chauvinism in our country is very curious to me. I watch it with interest and wonder if it isn't an instinct that tells them they are not long-lived, and can't resist real civilization. Because chauvinism is such a sad malady — incurable and dangerous to the highest degree! Our country can only be saved by an enormous industry, but the Roumanians are utterly incapable of any kind of enterprise or industry. In factories they won't work; they come for three days, and when they have got enough mais for a month, they stay away, and nothing will induce them to come. We are lost without industry. We all know it, but chauvinism is stronger. We might have mines and quarries everywhere, but no hands to work them. American machines would work our fields marvellously, but we have no money to buy them, and so on, and on.

I daresay you know more about it than I do. You seem to have studied our countries to a very great extent. I wonder if you couldn't make people undertake things here, and bring riches, in growing rich. America ought now to come back round the globe and civilize back again, after our first civilization has come from India, the far West ought to renew the East that is so rotten that nothing can come out of it any more. Not a factory can exist in Roumania; they all go down in the shortest time. One has tried paper and glass and wool, — and we might have the most beautiful things. I am trying hard to get up silk industry. Hemp grows wild along the Danube and one doesn't use it! There are mines of riches in our country, and we are famished! It seems ridiculous! In Dobrudgea alone the stone quarries might bring millions, but one wants people to work them. Do try to bring honest enterprise into our countries! Else I don't see how we can get out of the terrible difficulties we are wading in. How I should wish to see the King succeed in his greatest wish, to open the country to every kind of industry and enterprise, and to bring in great capitals, but no humbuggy ones! The Trust didn't seem safe that wanted to undertake our petroleum, and then the petroleum

would have been gone and that resource failing also, and no more money than before. A country nowadays can't live upon crops alone, especially with the terrible American concurrence. America brings the corn as flour into Europe. We can't come up against the shipcraft used as mills on the ocean, and the prolonged war in South Africa takes the ships away that used to carry off our crops, and so we are still poorer by the Boers and English. I wonder with whom you side! My sympathies are with the Boers, because they are small and brave, but I may be mistaken and misjudge the thing altogether. Is it only a question of gold on both sides, then they are neither of them interesting! Gold greediness is never sympathetic, but the way those poor Boers defend themselves reminds one of Leonidas and his three hundred.

Dear me, what a melancholy morning in the plains of Hungary! Oh dear, what a terrible homesickness and longing for the Rhine overcomes one in these sad countries! It was dreadful to go, but my place is here. I can't stay away indefinitely, especially as the doctor says my mother may go on in this state for some time yet! But the Rhine is one smile, and here everything is dreary and sad and lonely and

desolate! If one could see an immense prosperity everywhere, it would be such a help and comfort! Think of what I wrote, and try to bring enormous capital to bear upon us, so that we can't resist. So that Russia can make no war, and yet must lose all its influence here. Choke those miserable Turks, without doing them any outward harm. It is such a pity to leave so much strength and so much good land unemployed. I think the only real conquest is by industry, not by the arms! It is good to have a strong navy to support one, but not the principal thing. Only when one has to deal with Turkey, one must make the Sultan afraid, then one gets everything instantly. Only make him shake in his shoes, that is all that is required.

We have got coals, Anthracite coals, but no hands to fetch them up. We don't even know what is hidden in the depths yet. There may be infinite treasures! King Solomon's mines! ! ! I want fresh air to blow over our plains, not from Siberia, but from the Mississippi! ! ! ! The wind that blows round the earth may blow so many foul miasmas away!

I am a little tired. It is so fatiguing to be shaken on and on for forty-eight hours when one is as ailing as I am. The doctors say I shall

grow quite well later on. It is some comfort, but not a very great one. They would not operate. They say it is too late, and Nature will do the work alone!

I am so afraid that my faults make my letter almost unintelligible, but you will have patience. It is impossible to correct it now, with getting that stupid pin finger in my way, preventing me to hold a pencil. I am too tired. I don't quite know where my fingers are wandering! I must stop and rest! !

Kind, kind thanks for all your sympathy, for all the pleasure you are incessantly giving me. And think about what I wrote today!

Yours most gratefully

ELISABETH

Bucarest, December 13, 1901.

Most kind friend: —

I have to thank you again for such a lovely gift, and for such beautiful letters! Oh that book of one of my most beloved poets! It will be my gold mine, the only one I always long for! Books are real friends and often wonderful helpmates in the path of life. When my life was very, very dark nothing would soothe me any more, not even the words of Christ, that had helped me when I was younger, but that seemed

to promise more than they would give; then I read the prophets nights and nights through, and found their grand complaint answer my feeling! Christ seemed too sweet in the dark hours! And so by turns have I found help in books. As the time was, so the book, and now I want some grand poets around me as I feel as if a full flow of inspiration was coming on, and as if I might be called upon to write my best pages now! I have written three librettos for our young genius Enesco, so that even if I should be called away, his first librettos will always be from me! I mercilessly cut into my finest verses in order to make them short enough for singing.

I thank you again and again for every bright ray you have brought into my life, for the understanding and the confidence you show me. I consider your beautiful letters as a gift from God, and am so deeply grateful for the possibility of learning so much from you! I feel that you have studied my poor little country thoroughly and also my husband, the man of bronze with the stern will and the heart of gold, the eternal self-sacrifice, wanting no return. When people say that they are devoted to him, he answers: "I don't want any devotion, I only want you to serve your country as

I do!" If they had listened to him how different the country would look already! He wanted them to conduct the whole or a great part of the Argesh through Bucarest, to make it navigable for coal boats and little steamers, so that Bucarest might be joined to the Danube. They said it was too expensive, and never understood what a source of riches that would be to a town so very unfortunately situated.

The King used to say that he wanted to educate his people so that they might learn to govern themselves, and that they might be a Republic after him. But oh dear, I am afraid there will many a long year pass before that education will be sufficient. I believe there must first be the wish for greater comfort, the former highest classes must have perished, as they are going down rapidly by their own fault. They were remnants of Byzantinism, and had to be cast off before the country could rise. Every good sovereign has to go through the symbolical forty years of desert, like Moses.

Yes, there are many Napoleonic traits in the King's character. He has taken much from the southern nature of the French grand-mothers he had from both sides, the one a Boharnais, the other a Murat, both nearly related to Napoleon, so that he was brought up in Napole-

onic traditions by both parents. Very curious! All his brothers and sisters as German as can be, and he a Frenchman and a southerner, only the Hohenzollern sternness and rigidity added to their nature. His mother was simply adorable and he was her pride and favorite. I do so like to trace origins, causes and effects!

What you say about the war is so deeply my feeling.[1] I always saw that beautiful England was going down, as it was too happy and grew lighthearted and greedy! It is the same as family history, which always ends by going down when its mission on earth is finished. There will also be no more Hohenzollerns like the King, and when I look into the future I try to be very philosophical indeed, as only destiny, or those who guide it, know where we are driving to! I look at the map and see us very very small beside that rising giant [Russia], that yet can not remain a giant if it is to be really civilized. All other countries had to break up into many parts before civilization could reach into their souls. And nothing has been so deplorable for countries as centralization! France would be much greater if it hadn't been swallowed into Paris. Germany's charm and power lay in all those wee courts, that were ever so many

[1] The Boer War.

centers of culture. I am afraid when I see Germany grow so powerful, and centralizing in Berlin; it is the beginning of the end![1] I always had the feeling that the old William was the Apogee of Germany! But as it is very cultivated, it will be a great help to many nations, if it is only by its musicality.

About my poor little country, what shall I say? They have an increasing degree of chauvinism in them that is quite alarming. But it was not only chauvinism that made them insist upon rejecting the American Trust for the petroleum. They offered once and for all ten millions of francs, and we are all of us convinced that then they would have made the law here, and besides, the King had no great confidence in the Trust. He wasn't quite sure if it was reliable, especially as one heard of some such Krachs [?] in America that one grew afraid. Perhaps it was a mistake, as the Roumanians are as yet quite incapable of exploring or drawing the real benefit out of anything. We have coals but only what one calls Anthracite. They are excellent for some things, it seems, but till now we don't know how far the stratas go, and if there is enough

[1] This prophetic utterance is a proof of the Queen's clearness of vision. The beginning of the end which she saw was not far in the distance.

to be worked with profit. We have begun to burn our own petroleum, for instance in the steam engines, and it goes very well and will save many of our woods that were being mercilessly cut down for the railroads, as we had no coal.

There are very great difficulties on every side, but the greatest difficulty of all lies in the curious nature of the people, who sprang out of Roman decadence, had Byzantine horrors thrust upon it, was made the prey of the Levantines, — the most horrible race in the world, — devastated by the Turks, and last but not least, had French decadence thrust upon it! The core of the people is good, the peasant clever, hopeless, joyless, as he never has seen good days and doesn't know how that word looks. I am sure some mines there will be found of great value, but not by the Roumanians; whatever they undertake is nothing and comes to nothing. There is no enterprise and no perseverence in their nature, or perhaps in their education. We don't know what may come yet when all those Phaneriotic remnants will be eliminated!

I am so sorry I can't write the whole of my letters with my own hand, but that hand is very tired, and even the thumb a little in-

flamed so that every line I trace is a pain. But the many faults I make are a sure sign that I have written every word myself, often carried away by thought, careless of the fingers.

I think you are so right in wanting nothing but peaceful hours with your dear ones. How often and how often the King and me were on the point of going and settling in some quiet nook in Switzerland, which by the by I don't like at all, — it is so small! ! ! They are such excellent people, but so terribly narrow-minded! But the King adores Switzerland because it is the only country in which one is really incog. Nobody turns his head to look at a real King! ! They say, "Goodday Mr. King!" and are not at all astonished, or think themselves a bit less than a King! That is delicious. I have a Swiss maid since a number of years, but she always treated me as her equal! She is much more respectful now, since she knows me, than at first when she came. It was quite refreshing to be talked to as if I was nobody, and contradicted, as if I could be mistaken! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

There is something so terribly false in our position! And yet it seems as if people on a certain level of culture wanted some demigods to look up to; but the mission is often dreary

and always very fatiguing! To be a little Buddha always is not at all gay. If you succeed in being really pure and good and without a speck of dust! But if you can't, you are altogether a sham! The King has remained without a speck of dust, but you see that has also some disadvantages; he could never be popular, being too much out of the human pale, with no visible human weaknesses, in a country where one was not even ashamed, but rather proud, of one's immorality! There can be no Republic without civic virtue and a very high standpoint of morality; without a great deference for woman, and woman deserving that deference. But what was it here! Indescribable! The consequences are a weakly enervated race. My only hope lies with the women, many of whom I have educated. I couldn't take up men till now, when my snow-white hair and past life won't allow of calumny any more; but the girls, I educated with all my heart and soul, and now I am surrounded by their daughters and their children who all try to be good mothers, and to nurse their own babies: "The Queen always said that one can't be a good mother if one doesn't also nurse one's child!" and so I get quoted at every step. That is very sweet. It was a hard fight and

terrible uphill work, more often looking like Sisyphus[1] than anything else! But now the harvest has begun and it shows itself much richer than we ever dared to expect!

The great chauvinism here makes me fear that the race feels very weak, else they would not be so afraid of letting in strangers, and so jealous of keeping the ground they live upon for their children and grand-children. It is always a sign of weakness when a people make a Chinese wall and won't let anybody in. The Hungarians are much stronger. They give naturalization immediately and swallow the stranger and make him into a fiery Magyar in no time! The Roumanians not so. Even if you are born here, you can't get naturalization but by endless trouble and prayer, and I am afraid bribing! ! ! We are Orientals! What a horrible thing is the East, in that way! Lying and bribing and stealing! That makes a dreadful race of administrators, and the poor peasants are right to be hopeless because they only see exactions from every party, and justice nowhere! Now they are a little better off; as the mais has

[1] Sisyphus — A king of Corinth, son of Æolus, famed for his cunning. He was killed by Theseus, and in the lower world was condemned by Pluto to roll to the top of a hill a huge stone, which constantly rolled back again, making his task incessant.

been magnificent they can even sell it. The King tells me that 140,000 wagons have already gone to the frontier, and that there will be fifty thousand more before the end of the year. The tobacco is being sold again, which makes a state income of thirty millions, and that brought nothing, as the peasants had stopped smoking. The factories are beginning to work again as the small people buy clothes! The rich people make the country poorer, as they carry away everything; they must go to Paris to order their clothes there, and spend all the money they got out of their poor peasants there! No wonder they are mostly disliked! The peasants feel vaguely that they are not of the same race and only use the country without loving it. They have even a melancholy song about the Boyars:[1] "Give them, God, still more money, that they may go beyond the mountains!"

I understand perfectly that if you want to be happy you must not meddle with Oriental countries and circumstances, as they are rotten. But we are here as missionaries. Now I have always been against missionaries, as I never saw them do any good, and only bring on horrible misery on the unfortunate decay-

[1] A privileged class in Roumania.

ing races they tried to bring life to. It was like oxygen on a rotting piece of flesh. It burnt them up quicker![1]

It is extremely difficult to say anything like truth in the short space of a letter, as there are so many sides to everything. One day one sees the dark ones more, the next the brighter ones seem to laugh at your melancholy view of things. But is it so melancholy, after all, to watch the great working of history, even if you must see the going down of nations, where others are to rise.

I find I have made so many faults! It must be quite tiresome to read my letters. But the hand has grown very tired with missal painting and the writing of the gothic letters, so that every word is a pain. And yet I understand that it looks so much warmer to see the writing as well; it is almost like touching, or even grasping the warm hand that traced the letters. Just now my two cats have climbed onto my couch and are fast asleep on my feet, and I know the noise of the typewriter is most hateful to them. So I do like Mahommed. He

[1] Here the Queen discontinued the typewriter, in the middle of the sheet, and the remainder of her letter, notwithstanding her sore thumb, was written in pencil on five quarto sheets. Two of her pets had settled themselves at her feet for a nap, and the noise of the typewriter disturbed them!

cut off his sleeve upon which his cat was asleep and went on writing. If one could only make a noiseless typewriter! I think the constant rattle can't be good for the brain accustomed to the deep silence of night work and the gentle flow of pen, or rather pencil. For invention the pencil is better even than the fountain pen; if your pencil is six times B, as soft as a brush, almost.

Oh! the delicious silence of the night in which the waking hours are more delicious and more restful than sleep! I leave our bed room as soon as I wake up, and find a sort of a bed made on a small sofa with a little table upon it, and books and machine and paper, and then the thoughts fly. I told the King about your charming letter. It is such a pity he doesn't know English. In the South of Germany one used to learn more French, in the North we all spoke English, often amongst ourselves. My education was mostly in English. Your lovely new book I have already dipped into. It is such taste, that pretty binding, the delicious size, the splendid print!

I understand the wish to make money, when it is the means to the highest culture and the greatest refinement of intellectual life. Outward luxury, except plenty of water and

light, I don't care for. I am content in a monastic cell with white walls and a deal-table! But a bath and a good lamp are conditions of agreeable living. A bath is so restful after hot work and hours of intense thought, especially as I can neither walk nor drive yet. The doctors say that towards or after sixty the tumor will shrivel up and my health grow very much better.

I am so touched that you even remember my birthday, as if you were an old friend and had lived with me! My longing since my twentieth year was to be sixty. I always thought it must be so peaceful! And it is still more beautiful than I thought! One feels like entering something softly white and warm and sunshiny, after all those storms! I have saluted old age in several poems already, as it is truly delicious and delightful. The soul grows calm, no more anxious, and there is something so much brighter than hopefulness: Philosophy and deep childlike confidence in the guiding powers that conduct our wee planet with all its shortcomings.

I'm afraid I am growing prosy and talk too much for people whose time is so precious and so full. Oh how I wish I might once enter that sweet home of yours! I got photo'd yesterday,

painting, writing and playing, with my things about me, between the portraits of my parents. I'll send you some to give you an insight into my thoughtnook!

ELISABETH

Fancy, Davis has corrected and altered my Tales and put my introduction away, to put his own instead! Miss Hopkirk was wild about it because it spoils her beautiful style and reputation as a translator. She had already written an article in the *Times*, but refrained from publishing it. But what can one do! Crowned heads are utterly unprotected against every kind of attentate!

Bucarest, January 9, 1902.

Kind friend: —

Your letters arrived by the same post today, and I pored over them with all the deep interest and keen hope they awaken. I am not astonished at our little country being unknown; it was not known in Europe till very lately, and not only in France where they used to be very ignorant in geography, but even in the cultivated school country of Würtemberg Roumanian girls were asked if they lived in tents in the woods, and were Mohammedans! But what I marvel at is your knowledge of the

country, its strength and weaknesses, its resources and uncertainties! I can't tell you enough how pleasant it is to be for once the object of real interest, not of the eating-up Ogre interest, which we had alone experienced till now, but the thought of being helped up, of being able to rise, when one has nearly been bankrupt and famished, seems like Heaven! Only you are so right in saying that only as long as my Carol is alive, it is worth while to begin anything! And he richly deserves this confidence, since he has forced his country to keep its word, though ever so poor, and ever so low down, and everybody in despair at losing so much and being so badly paid! It was a great thing to do. But he is sixty-three already, still very vigorous, as his life has been that of an ascetic, and if they don't kill him I expect him to be very long-lived. In his family they are very tough, and his mother reached nearly eighty-seven. If they don't kill him he may grow very old! He always says: "If I could but administer the country, instead of governing it, what could I have made of it!" But he had to do Moses' work, let one generation disappear in the desert before a generation might reach Canaan! But if American capital and interest could be firmly rooted as long as he is

alive, then the fear of his death would no more be so overwhelming! And it would be the only safeguard against the Russian flood! When one looks at the map, one shivers! We seem an atom against that enormous empire! But I firmly believe that that enormous Empire will have to break up into shreds before it can be thoroughly civilized.[1] No such block could be penetrated by civilization, — it is too unwieldy! All other countries have had to go through that phase of being many little countries. Italy and Germany could only become what they were by being so small! America is the same, an amalgamation of small states, each of which has its own life and strength.

The King always watches the progress of America with the deepest interest. And long since he has been wishing English or American capital to be so largely interested here that that alone would be a guarantee for the future. I am going to translate your letters to him, as I did the last, and made his clever eagle eye sparkle! What a pity he has forgotten the little English he knew! But I hope to be able sufficiently to understand you in order to translate well and give him the full impression of what you mean to say. Shouldn't I be proud if

[1] This prophecy seems now in process of fulfillment.

I was the means to bring riches into my poor little country! Riches I have always dreamt of, feeling that they are unexplored! What sacrifices have I not made to make our small house-industry rise and go over the world! But my efforts out of a woman's purse are a drop in the sea, and utterly ridiculous! One could do grand things, and I see them! Oh if but for once we could do away with that childish chauvinism! The other day my *grande maîtresse* said to one of our actual ministers: "See how much wiser the Hungarians are; they give naturalization to everybody who consents to be Hungarian, and see how their country rises quickly!"

"But the Hungarian element is quite submerged!" answered the man.

They feel weak and they *are* weak, and it is perhaps natural that they are afraid of being submerged. They only don't see that if they don't throw themselves into the arms of civilization, they will not only be submerged, but swallowed and annihilated by Russia! I see it! The King sees it! But one can't tell them so all the time! It seems too hard upon them and too discouraging! The feeling for commerce and National intercourse seems to come very late in such a country as this is.

I won't finish my letter before I have read yours to the King, so that I may give you some positive answer, not only my appreciations, but the only word that is worth having in this country. Several times already the King alone has kept the country to its word; he once said to one of his ministers: "You can't go and arrange that affair as nobody has confidence in you. I must beg of you to leave it entirely in my hands!" The man grew pale but he couldn't say nay! He felt it was true! He is a very clever man, and clever people generally know themselves well enough.

I wish you had once heard a conversation round the dinner table. It was amusing. Somebody threw up the question, what he would do if he had some milliards. The Prince said: "I should do something to do away with the dreadful illnesses that make the country weak;" the aide de camp said: "I should build villages for the peasants;" a painter said: "I should make an arena in white marble for popular festivals;" the Princess said: "I should have beautiful horses and flowers everywhere;" I said: "I would build a cathedral with a school for every art belonging to it, so that one would have to come to our country to learn;" and the Russian minister said: "And I should keep

them for myself!" The King said nothing at all, and quietly listened, covering a smile under the moustache he was gently twisting. It was such an amusing conversation, so characteristic for everybody!

Yes, we might do wonders here, even the sterile Dobrudgea might be made to yield the most excellent wool. We might have sheep like nowhere, if somebody understood the rearing and had capital enough to bear the bad years, when the land is dry, and illnesses get into the the herds. But I believe the illnesses are the consequence of carelessness. Our petroleum alone is taxed for being in very great quantities, then there are excellent quarries, but no money to work them. The Dobrudgea is full of marble and granite, I believe. I once saw a table of stone pieces that grow there. It seemed to me very fine, if it wasn't humbug! Then there is the sandy part of the country, that might become a place for making sugar. One has even tried cotton in Dobrudgea, and I saw the open things with nice cotton peeping out. Hemp grows wild on the Danube, that is full of most excellent fish, wonderful caviar. All that would have been nearly destroyed, till laws were made and one man took it in his hands, and now the fish alone yield some millions of

revenue, to the disgust and despair of the fishermen, who can't understand that they are no more to fish at certain seasons. There is even gold hidden somewhere, as there is a river that carries gold; but the King says, to work a gold mine means poverty, and nothing but loss! I wonder why, then, California is so prosperous. Or isn't it prosperous? Is it only a repair [?] of European refuse? One can't judge of it by Bret Harte, interesting though he is. I am sure, sure, *sure*, that one could do wonders here. Formerly there was silk, the peasants reared silkworms and sold the seed when they didn't make the silk themselves.

You see everywhere and on all sides there would be wonderful things if there was capital; instead of *sociétés de bienfaisance*, there ought to be undertaking of great things. And instead of selling three or four dozen of Roumanian chemise to Liberty [1] in London we might send them all over the world; and chairs and covers and curtains and dresses embroidered here, and many other things.

The King sold his beautiful cows for nothing, as Hungary has shut the frontier, under the pretext of Episotie! They invent Episotie! whenever they are afraid of our selling too

[1] The great London silkhouse.

many oxen and swine! It is very hard to have such a lock to our door. Therefore the port of Constanza must be opened at any cost, so that Hungary can have nothing more to say. It was very stupid, that our political men wouldn't lay hands on Bulgaria. I urged them to do it, but they were afraid! In the time of the war we could have had it easily, when Russia was ashamed of itself for taking Bessarabia away.

I have so many grand ideas, but when I begin to speak about them they laugh at me and ask with what money I am going to do all that. Then I answer regularly: "I'll write to Carnegie!"

"But Carnegie only gives money for books!" And they don't understand that everything begins with knowledge and learning, and that books are the foundation of everything that is wise and good! One may know no other language than English, French or German and be a highly cultivated man, but one can't know Roumanian, Bulgarian or Servian and be a cultivated man, as the books written in those languages can be held in my two hands! And they are scarcely worth while reading. We can only hope for the American invasion, if we mean to escape the Russian one. Perhaps

there will be some Carnegie or other who will throw millions or milliards into this country, and make it yield what it can. I believe the climate would grow better if one could regulate the streams as the Italians have done. One once called a great Italian engineer for the canalisation, and he said: "You see, you want to do in a few years what Lombardi took eight centuries to do!" But nowadays one does away with centuries if one is rich enough!

Our buffalos are such excellent animals, made for the climate, and in Dobrudgea they employ camels, even for tilling the ground. There are dreadful swamps there. But the buffalos require swampy ground as they must be able to dig themselves into the wet and only leave their noses out for hours, and when they have far to go, the peasants cover them with mud, to prevent their being scorched by the sun.

Our wood must be good, as it went to Panama!!! Only lately nothing seems to yield much; even the wood has been sold less. I don't know why. The copper mines were worked in Roman times, but that also seems to be more expense than revenue. As to iron, I am sure one might find it, but as long as no coal is found in sufficient quantities, it is no

use opening the iron, as one can't work it. Do I express myself clearly? I can only talk about things in general, but with all my burning heart, wanting to help, and to dig out the happiness that can be found here if you only look for it. Ciphers are things that won't enter my brain. It is so funny! They never would! I only see that money helps to bring on many good things, but how to get it is quite beyond me! I want to see silk factories everywhere; pots and porcelain in the parts where there is that beautiful earth that is not good for the plough; sugar in the sand of the Baragan; silk in every homestead; spinning and weaving everywhere; embroidering of the spun and woven things. Every peasant woman spins, weaves and embroiders. Have money to give them the new best weaving machines, so that their silk may go over the world, and my dream of house-industry is realized! One could make beautiful gobelins here, if somebody would undertake them; I can't do everything by charity! I have just twenty-five francs left for the whole month. I beg and borrow to get wood and things for the poor, as I have given away every penny and have no more. I can't go pumping at the big source as the King gives away the third part of his

revenue in *bienfaisance!* It is far too much, because it lames him in greater things. He might make many more foundations like his library and the fund for dry years, and so on, if he hadn't to squander his money in *bienfaisance.* Even our *bienfaisance* does a great deal of harm, as it makes people rely upon us and no more help themselves.

I could weep when I think of what one might do to help them really and thoroughly! I have organized three societies, only for distributing work. The one to the poor women of the town, the other to the peasants all over the country, and the third for poor ladies who work incognito and are never named. But of course all that ought to be done on a very different scale if I wrote to Carnegie! I daresay he gets as many letters as the world is large! But isn't it fine, to be able to do what he does! Fancy if I could give a library to every town in Roumania! I am sure gambling would cease, which is only the result of tediousness. They don't know what to do with themselves. They gamble much more in the small towns in the provinces than in Bucarest. I am told that they sit at the tables in their own houses from one o'clock till the next morning at four! ! ! ! ! If they had great interest at stake I daresay the

gambling tables would know them no more, and the ladies would think of their children, and of their household, which they might hope to see pretty!

I can't help laughing when I think of the marriage of Miss Singer with our young Ghika. He is of excellent family but as poor as possible, and a lieutenant in a borough in Moavia! [?] The mother of the bride said, in the hearing of Roumanians: "I shall send a few wagons of things for my daughter. We have taken the hotel So and So for her, *entre cour et jardin*, and I only hope I shall find sufficient ferns and palm trees to decorate her rooms with!" The lady who was listening only put down her face into her plate to hide it, because she felt she was choking with laughter! When the poor young thing with her American and Parisian ideas, and her American ideas of princedom in the East, will find geese and swine in her "cour," and not a flower in her "jardin," and the mud in the streets that runs into the carriage on one side, and out of it on the other, and a pavement that prevents her driving or walking for fear of a miscarriage at every step, and her house a hut; and as to the ferns! ! ! ! Dear me! ! ! Ferns and palm trees in a small borough of Roumania! ! ! I should

advise her to bring a fernery with her on a fourth wagon, and all the palms in a sixth! There are very fine country places all around that town, as to the yielding of the ground; but the houses are extremely primitive! When I think what I lived in, in the first years, I can't help laughing.

But all that is nothing. Bring capital, and towns will grow like mushrooms, and ferneries will be found where now is dry sand, or deep mud. In the first year, when I was splashed in driving, I kept calling out: "Oh if I could but send that beautiful mud to my mother, a manure for her fields!" For the mud made greasy spots on my dresses! You can fancy what I felt when I saw them burning what we call gold and put most lovingly on the poor fields on the Rhine! They burn even their straw and let their poor beasts go about in winter without stables, content to give them a shed, open on all sides, just to keep them from perishing in the snowstorms! Everything can be done here, and is worth while doing. But not have money matters with Roumanians; they are bad payers. Have everything in your own hands, and count upon yourself; have the whole power of your own country to work this one! I wonder if it can

be done! I feel as if it would and could be done.

It is so very curious that the King's first and last thought has been to make roads for this country, as if he felt that only issues were necessary to make it rich. When the crown was offered to him he didn't even know where Roumania was and what it looked like. Then he opened the map and drew a line from London to Bombay, and when he saw that that was the straightest and shortest he accepted the crown. And all the time he only thought of that, and had to be patient for five and twenty years, till he got his people to understand that the bridge on the Danube must be made. He wanted to make the whole Argesh flow through Bucarest. But when people belong to a small country it seems their ideas get so narrow; they think every enterprise too great, and too dear, and too expensive, and are not accustomed to dare anything! If Bucarest had the Argesh it might have coal-ships and iron-ships and maize-ships all going from here, and into here, and the woods would be saved, and not cut down for the railroads! But they don't see as far as their noses! What a dreadful pity that they made such haste to introduce a constitution, when they ought to have been

school-boys under a paternal ruler! I shall stop now, and talk to the King first, and write something more positive, that may help! [*The following is added in pencil:*] Oh dear! What faults! Can you read it?

I only could talk to the King, and his answer is: "Not yet!" So keep the things in mind, but don't set to work.

ELISABETH

Bucarest, January 14, 1902.

Kind friend: —

Your kind and beautiful letter, written on the eve of my birthday, you so kindly remembered even with the cable, is the first word I read on our Oriental New Year's Day! It gave me such pleasure, in the early morn (it is just only four o'clock and quite dark still) that I felt as if light was streaming in! I am sitting on a couch with electric light behind me, a couch as good as a bed, as I sometimes sleep once more if I get very tired, and on it a strong little table in green leather, with the typewriter upon it, which I learn to bless now that I can scarcely use a pen without feeling faint with pain in that stupidly overworked or sprained thumb! The only disagreeable side of the typewriter is its noise, which tires one so

in the end. I aways hope they will invent a quiet one.

Yes, your books are here, and they will be sent over the ocean soon. I don't know where my head was, not to write about them. But before Xmas and New Year one is quite out of one's head, and so tired that one must be excused for forgetfulness.

I want to write first what comes into my head, and that is just now Davis. He wrote to me after reading the first fairy-tale that was published by Mr. Sidney Whitman in the New York Herald; he had begged me for one when I made his acquaintance. And then I got a letter from Davis asking me to write a series of volumes of fairy-tales for him. I was so pleased with the proposal that I unhesitatingly accepted, and was very glad to have done so, and am so still, as he is young and a rising man, and a great painstaker, for he took no end of pains for our doll show, though the dolls seem to have arrived in quite sad condition in America, and to have cost him even a good deal of money, besides the trouble. He travelled to New York for them and wrote so much and had such trouble in getting them tax free, as they were going to make them pay, I don't know, something like three thousand

francs taxes, as they were stupidly packed and badly announced. They had been exposed in many towns before, and last for three months in London, where they seemed to be in very good condition still, else I should not have ventured to send them over.

The American minister never resides in Bucarest, so I have no one *le cas échéant*, to address myself to. It is so funny that all American ministers spend their time in Athens and are never here, except for a few days in summer, when they arrive and when they go again; such a pity! But I think I prefer doing my own business mostly, as it is so much simpler.

Davis was so sorry for what he had done, and got some scolding letters from me and from Miss Hopkirk, who felt her honor as an English writer engaged and compromised! I was much more philosophical about it as people seemed to like the things as they were. It seems the second and third volumes are appearing now.

Now I wish Davis every prosperity, and should be overjoyed if I could have been a help to him. I am afraid that he has had more trouble and expenses with those dolls than he even told me, and so I want him to earn what-

ever he can in order to forget it. It is such a pity! He meant to show the dolls all over America, and to send my poor mother's foundation no end of money, so that she might see it safe before her death. But this was not to be!

Now I am publishing my brother's Life with the same intention, — of making it into capital for the Ottohouse. I paid the edition, as I wanted it illustrated. I gave the pictures that I had put into the original. I wanted one or two pages of it in facsimile, but that was too dear. I think I must give it to Davis to publish. It would not be fair after all his pains to take that away from him which might prove a success. At least, since many years I used to give it away, as it was only printed as a MS. and nobody could read it indifferently.

Now I must tell you a pretty story I heard last night, as a last impression in the old year. Two little children of former maids of honor of mine were talking about Saints not coming down on earth, but remaining in Heaven: "But no," said the little girl, "don't you see, our Queen is a Saint, and she lives on earth! And do you know, she sometimes goes into the church and pours the holy water over her whole body in order to be hallowed all over!"

What do you say to that? I thought it delicious and it made me quite happy! I do wish every bath might be a hallowing process!

What you write about your most lovely wife sounds so sweet and makes one long to see her, as well as your dear child, of whom you don't say enough. I'm afraid it is the old story, the man loves woman and the woman loves the child, or is it all one with you? I pray God to keep you so happy and to have that sweet question ever asked when your hair will be white, and your steps slower! I find that one can remain very young. I begin to feel quite young again! Only good health is wanted for that, and a quiet conscience. Nothing else. Old age is the direct reward for the sort of corn you have sown. Do you call mais, wheat? I wonder if I didn't express myself clearly; it is Turkish corn that feeds our peasants; they never eat any bread at all, but this kind of polenta, they boil for every meal and eat piping hot.

We grow wheat for export, and are always very much frightened at America spoiling our market, since the Americans bring their flour to Europe, whilst we only bring the corn.[1] We can't grind it on the road, as you do with the

[1] Probably meant for wheat.

big steamers who drive and grind at the same time. We live upon that, and have nothing else but timber, that in the present moment doesn't sell well. I am overjoyed at that, for I tremble that they cut down too much of our magnificent forests.

But we are out of the worst trouble with foreign parts now; our papers are rising to par again. Of course our sacrifices are heavy, the employes are nearly at half pay, the King himself begged to have his *liste civile* reduced just like all the other employes, and that encouraged everybody; they dared complain no more. Some had come to me to beg me to intercede that they might not be reduced, as they didn't know how to bring up their children, the mothers giving them all their lessons already, and not able to pinch more, but they dared not ask when they read what the King had done. And our household has to go on. We can't reduce it and make all the people unhappy who have served us for so long, and the poor-lists are ever increasing; nearly one third of our income goes to charities already!

Life is very difficult here still. We can scarcely say it is comfortable. If we could get the country more populous it would be an enormous advantage. But the King says,

"Not yet." The King says we must wait yet awhile before we let American enterprise in. I am convinced it would raise and transform the country if we can overcome the chauvinism so far. The people have an unlimited confidence in the King now, but if he give too great a push to chauvinism I don't know how they would bear it as yet. I think in a very short time they would feel the blessing of fresh air, and fresh work, and being richer; their children would live. In the only rich parts of the country the children do live and prosper and the grown up people are very handsome and finely built.

What you say about your servants has deeply interested me. I think that gentleness is always the best policy and that being hard and rough never leads far. One can't teach people to have confidence but by being patient and gentle, and when once they have confidence they will do anything for you. I made a sweet experience this time New Year's day. I made a little present generally of money to the servants who served me most, in the big household, as I know their small cares and difficulties. In this year I had much less money myself and couldn't give them half of what I generally gave them, and they were so grateful and thanked me much more than they ever had

thanked me before, as they all knew I had difficulties, and had had too many things on my arms, more than I could get through with. Also my gifts to the ladies, and to my former maids of honor and their children, had to be simplified, and never did I get such sweet and affectionate thanks! They all felt that I meant to give them as much pleasure and love as I could and they were more grateful than if I had given them a fortune. You see we are one great family and we know everything about each other, and there is such great love between us all. You see I am already sanctified by the children, before I am dead and a legend! It is well to be a living legend! That is decidedly enviable. My lot has not always been enviable. It is curious that one earns the reputation of sanctity only by being martyred, and having stones thrown at one for some time; but those same stones turn to be your best monument in the end, and when all the battles are fought, you may lay down your weapons and look peaceful and forgive and love and love without end! I am entering now the valley I always dreamt of when I was twenty, those beautiful sixty years I so longed to reach when life was hottest and the battle fiercest! And now I am nearing that haven of rest — for a certain rest

it necessarily is. Our own fear grows still, and our wishes silent and our hopes are bent on the far off land of light, and have nothing to do with earthly interests any more!

I am so sorry that I can't write with the pen just now, as for you, the lover of autograph, it is almost a derision to take the typewriter; and so badly beside, so full of mistakes and carelessness! But that stupid thumb won't grow better, — now nearly three months! And then the typewriter is so quick, and my correspondence is so great, except all the writing for the press. I am really dead tired with receptions and the New Year, and want a little rest very badly. It is also very hard to be going about the world and theatres and concerts, as a sort of flower-pot or *surtout de table*, when one's heart is heavy and the thoughts so very different from one's occupation! I start at every telegram one brings me, if it isn't the one to call me away to my mother's last hours, and the constant fear of not reaching her any more! The impossibility to communicate, as she cannot even dictate, or form her words sufficiently, though her mind is absolutely clear. They keep her quiet in bed now, as the heart seems to be growing weaker. I wonder if they quite realize the changes, as I do by what they write.

It is a slow agony all the time and there is never a rising; it is always a going down! Very hard for the master mind to assist at such a decline, and to be quite aware of every change. But her patience is greater than the suffering. The will is still dominant. For what is patience but a greater amount of will!

Do you instruct your little girl yourself? You ought to, if you have time. My father used to do it conversationally a great deal; we used to read together, and walk together and what I learned from him was more than what lessons poured into my head, and remained there much better! It is so sweet for all one's life, what father and mother have taught you themselves! I adored my father; the more so as I never knew him well, but a real martyr of suffering he was all his life at heart, all mine, till he died with forty-eight, when I was only twenty! My youth was a very dramatic one, and well worth while being told! I want to write my life in quite a different way from what it has generally been written in. I thought of calling it the history of a soul. And not write about events but only the thought they suggested. Otherwise very discreet, naming no names, but only the thoughts and feelings awakened by what people said and did. I

think it might be interesting, as such a deal of nonsense has been written about me! Davis says my life is like a romance! If he only knew how much so it is! What they have written is quite poor stuff in comparison to the actual truth!

I am afraid of tiring you with my long letters. But you show such interest!

ELISABETH

They[1] are not going to divorce and [she] wants to be a Queen! She feels young and strong and daring!

Bucarest, February 12, 1902.

Kind friend: —

It is so restful to hear people do something else than complain. I scarcely ever hear anything else, as every one wants help from me, and at least sympathy, and a kind word, and a loving look, if not my purse and my protection! And then people are never tired of awakening the sound of all the sobs I have stifled in my life, and don't see that I am sometimes quite near fainting away over their troubles. The Princess said to me yesterday: "If our people only knew how hard our lives are and what uphill work it is!!" And she is only

[1] The crown prince and his consort, Marie Louise, the present King and Queen of Roumania.

twenty-five, and I have had thirty-three years of this, and am not allowed to be tired yet, though my hair is snow white, and heart and limbs so tired! Oh for a little rest! Brainwork is never a fatigue; I can write and paint for eleven hours a day without being in the least tired; but to listen to conversation, and smile when you are not inclined to is very tiring indeed!

I have just arranged for myself a little corner in my atelier, quite near the sky, all in oak wood panelling, so that I feel as if the forest was about me with its perfume and purity. A tiny oak staircase leads up to it, and a blue grey carpet makes one feel like water around one, so soft in its tints, and so quiet to the eye. And here I began with my Saint John this morning, trying to make his eyes bright enough to light up worlds of faith, and then I washed it all away, and shall begin again! I am never tired of beginning again; that is the secret of the fine work I accomplish. That capacity has never diminished, though life has been hard, and often a heavy burden, since the only light has gone out of it![1] But silence is also a companion one learns to love in time, when it is so populated, and so full of meaning and all the

[1] Her little girl who died.

bitterness gone, and forgiveness has taken its dwelling in your heart!

I send this off quickly, that you may know as soon as possible what pleasure you have given me and how that beautiful picture has inspired me! It will give your darling wife pleasure to think that her husband is thought much of over the ocean, and that the look in his eyes is understood, as if she had some merit in it! You see the good of correspondence is that one says things one wouldn't say in talking. There is a freedom in writing that is very charming, and that one ought not to miss.

My Saint John must look happy, not emaciated to an atom, not dark and sad; happy, happy, he is announcing the greatest blessing to the world! His eyes must beam happiness into every poor despondent soul! I see him night and day!

How tastefully things are done in America! The simple binding in blue paper, the way you sent your picture, so artistic and tasteful! Is it your special taste, or are they all like that? How restful it must be to live where everybody is cultivated! The King would dream of seeing America, but he can't stand the water; he vomits blood, and that would be almost dangerous at his age. I once proposed to him to

take a trip on the Nile, and he exclaimed: "For God's sake, no more East! I have got enough of Oriental things! I want the highest perfection of cultivation, to be rested!" It is so natural, isn't it? I am so proud that I got the people here to show some little enthusiasm when they hear a very great artist; they cannot yet judge for themselves; all the heads are turned to me, and if I look beaming and clap my hands till they hurt me, then they will be very ardent, but if I keep still, not a hand will move. But still that is a great deal, that they do look at me and take my lead. They are big children with children's confidence and naughtiness!

Thank you so much again! Now I look at all the nice photos, and the library, and all, only the little one is wanting, and then I try and picture the woods to myself and the falls and all the grandeur of your scenery, and it makes my eyes grow wide. And now I'll make a very fine Saint John! Yours most gratefully,

ELISABETH

Bucarest, February 23, 1902.

Most kind friend: —

I am sure God sends people into the world on purpose to meet each other and to do good

to each other, by love and kindness and understanding! He has sent me your letters into a very difficult life, full of pain, anxiety, strife and hardship of every kind, to make me feel happy and comforted, and confident, and not think that earth is altogether some kind of hell!

It does give me such pleasure to send Roumanian costumes for your darlings. I had thought of it long ago, and only hesitated because I thought the taxes were so high that it would scarcely be worth while to send them. But as you should like them, even if taxes there are, I shall soon send them and hope they may be worn often! I shall also send photos to show how one wears them, as people don't put on the veil simply enough. You must literally wrap into its folds. "*Les plis austères du voile Roumain,*" once wrote a stranger visiting our country. Ladies often pin it about their heads in an awkward way and make folds where there are none. It is to envelop you and to make you look matronly.

You ask about my voice. God has given me the rare gift of a pleasant voice. The sick love it. One of our wounded was looking at me whilst I was talking to the doctors at the foot of his bed, and I turned to him and said: "Oh poor boy! We are making too much noise!"

"Oh if I can but hear your dear voice, I am happy!" And ten minutes afterwards he was dead!

When I have musical evenings, I always read them some new poem at the end, often with the accompaniment of the harp, like the bards of old, and they like it so that some who don't understand German ask me to read, only to hear the pleasant harmony of my voice. As you ask, I may tell you. Besides, it is a gift that has been granted me. I have read before thousands of people without ever lifting my voice or making an effort and it has always been heard and understood everywhere. It is very dangerous to judge my poems that way, when read by myself, because the voice gives them too great a charm and forbids knowing the real value. I do hope I may read to you. Don't make plans for the present, as I don't know how long my poor mother may live, and at what hour I may be called away, and how long I may stay, if they only call me in time! Oh how I wish I might go directly! But they won't let me. It seems hard and unnatural. Now her eyesight is going! I can't have a word from her any more — as if she was dead already — and then they keep saying that I am not to come, that I would tire her, or God

knows what! I think there are people who are jealous of having her last moments to themselves, that by right belong to me; but it is a drama in itself, to be so many miles away, and tied down by so many duties! I wish I could have you with me, and make you live our life, and enjoy you all! But we can't decide now, as everything is uncertain! I am not sure of being at home at any time now; my boxes are always ready, my things near at hand, so that I can start at a moment's notice!

You grow wheat, and you don't seem to have the anxieties we go through here. Does rain come in time? Have you never any real cold, no snow? And can you do without it? Do you leave any part of your land *en jachère?* Or do you plant every corner of it? I wonder how farming is conducted in the West? Here it is as primitive as possible, and no manure yet. Fancy, they burn what in Germany one calls gold! ! ! ! A Roumanian gentleman once went to Switzerland and in the delicious little town of Winterthur, the tip top of cleanliness, he missed a train and had to stay for a few hours, and as he strolled about he saw a garden, or a field, in which a very curious vehicle was driven about. He stood and watched, and he saw to his horror something very yellow with a dread-

ful smell being poured out of that vehicle onto the cabbages! With the next train he left Switzerland without having seen it, saying that in such a dirty country he could never eat a morsel!

I was told a very curious thing: that in the rest of Europe, one mixes Roumanian corn or wheat into every flour, as it has so much better taste, having no manure put to it. We are very anxious just now, after this wonderful warm winter we have suddenly had ten degrees of cold, centigrades; the corn resists that but the reps! And the reps is the first excellent revenue in spring. It is generally sold before it is cut. But yesterday we heard that our papers [securities] have fallen a little after this frost and they were rapidly rising! Doesn't it seem cruel, after such effort and sacrifices? I daresay your climate is marvellous, whilst we have forty degrees of difference between summer and winter.[1] In summer we are in the Sahara, in winter, in Siberia! Therefore mortality is so great! One's health gets ruined here. It can't resist, especially when one isn't born here! The ague has diminished at last, but formerly it was dreadful. I have suffered from it for twenty years, and I can't say I ever feel well.

[1] The difference would be much greater, measured by Fahrenheit's thermometric scale.

I have never had the joy of having my brother's children with me, as they were delicate, and as I never would take the responsibility of our climate. I had an attack of fever a few days ago, with a spasm at the heart that nearly throttled me. It was very unpleasant. I am still so weak! I can scarcely walk yet. But now I dare write again on the machine. I was afraid of it, as the left hand is in constant use and had remained very sensitive.

Oh how happy it makes me to think that your child has her own talks with her father! I used to have that, my father and I; we used to walk up and down together and talk philosophy and science, and I was allowed to copy things he had written for the press, and to read to him for hours, when he grew weaker and weaker! And when I was twenty the geat sufferer breathed his last, and my best friend, for whom I never cease to long, had gone from me!

Oh those precious hours! One doesn't know one's self what grain one sows, that works on and on, through one and through many lives, transmitted from heart to heart and from lips to lips! I think of his dear hand, of his voice, of his gentle talk, of the kind way he accepted people's advice, never contradicting, but trying to make his own views clear and acceptable.

I do like good education, mildness, gentleness, kind words, thoughtful deeds!

My youth has been such a sad one, as I never knew my father healthy and my mother was always ill, and then came my poor martyred brother, who had to be operated on in the first hours of his life, and if one had only known what life one made him enter, one ought to have refrained from the operation and let him die at once! The eleven years he had to stay on this earth were so dreadful that words are utterly insufficient to describe it! I was seven when he was born, and eighteen when he died, so that all his life is before me, and it was very easy to me to write it, only I had to wait for fourteen years, till I had the courage to take the pen, and I was quite ill whilst I was remembering! At nineteen I lost the friend of my youth; we were like sisters, and she died of consumption at seventeen; such a flower and poem! And at twenty I lost my father! Yes, it was a sad youth. I nursed and nursed and nursed, and saw them all die, so that a deep shadow has been cast over all my life, and the hardships here were not made to make me forget or take it easier. Here I am the friend and consolation of so many unhappy ones, who feel themselves understood because I have

suffered, but they often don't think that to suffer again for them is a great deal for the brain and heart. Such sympathy as I give takes lifeblood away!

Yes, the story of a soul would be very interesting, as under that title I need not say everything that I cannot speak of without indiscretion, but only show the workings of the heart, without relating minutely what brought the trouble. I see how impossible it is to tell the exact truth, even if one knows it. The skeletons in the different closets we can't always expose to sight, and then people don't understand the special melancholy we can't explain. But relating the story of a soul, I only would show the thoughts that occupied the child and the adult. I tried, and reached motherhood, but there I stopped. I must wait more years, I am afraid, before I can tread on that ground; everything is bleeding yet, and won't get quiet; it can't die! The voice of my child: "Come Mamma!" is still calling me, and to describe that fairy makes me ache all over! No, I can't yet. For many, many years I saw her eyes breaking; it was one of my hallucinations when the fever came on horrible! I always say: "It cannot be called a grief to lose one's child; it is far beyond grief; it is

death, and a death that one cannot rise from; it won't let you become quite alive again as long as you are on earth!"

I'll soon write again. I am still weak, and have to rest my left hand for fear of making the heart ache. The costumes are ordered. I want them to be very fine, and to be really worn on warm days. The Roumanian blouse is so pleasant in the heat! So cool and nice! One can wear it with any skirt and it looks so pretty! They'll get an extra kiss for looking so sweet! ! ! ! !

Yours most gratefully,

ELISABETH

[*Pencil note:*] It is rather hard upon a collector of autographs to get machine letters! ! But such a help to overworked hands!

Segenhaus, April 14, 1902.

Most kind friend: —

Your loving invitation does my heart as much good as if I was already feeling the delicious breath of the Atlantic, or listening to the sounds of your virgin forest! Nothing in the world could do me so much good, as even the fancying it seems to give me life! But I am tied to the wheel and have to grind! The few weeks which the sad work following death allows me,

understand it's honest
for us! There were things
at first, but now I do hope
the Lord, but only deep
writing. Don't you think
I pray things that gave
pronunciation pain?
Isn't very beautiful verse
Thee Apocalipse: I know
what and thy faith and
thy brother, the longer the
[illegible] it in English, but

No
I wa
per
my. I

any
first
a g

is was such a great
what shed she made
Earl sermons and prayers
for 3 closing passages
Thand writing many
Yes thing appropriate.
nearly blind and wept
to a terrors of being
Burtness of the brain!
I can't help crying,
gooejoicing for her

and
that
the
the
thru
one
pa
but
yet,
an
I c

strange hand touched her.
obediently dressed her and laid
in her cot bed. But I put
ead on the pillow first. I thought
her sleep would be sweeter
if her child's head had
lain there first! —
When my child died my tears
were parched and never flowed
more. It was as if my chest was on
but not a tear! Since then I suffered
eat deal but only with heartbeating

— never a tear. And now my mother's
th, which is a natural grief, opened
floodgates for the first time and
heart doesn't burst and doesn't
up in that horrible way that drives
nearly to suicide! Such a great
ing but no despair! It smells
ering and yet so much gentleness!
isn't a storm that destroys everything
leaves the heart behind! —
and be anything for the present

is all the rest I can get. As yet I cannot sleep at all, or if I sleep I must go through the agony over and over again, which is almost a derision, as in life I am quite above physical death and believe it to be only the birth throes for a much purer life in a much purer draping. Oh I do so hope that light eternal has already filled her soul and her sight and that she may look into my heart much deeper than before, and understand its honest striving so much better! There were things she didn't quite realize; but now I do hope there will be not a shadow, but only deep, deep, deep understanding! Don't you think we'll smile at so many things that gave such agonizing and unnecessary pain?

We have found a very beautiful verse for her tomb in the Apocalypse: "I know thy works and thy service and thy faith and thy patience and thy labors the longer the more!" — I don't know it in English, but it is the sense. She was such a great worker that on her deathbed she made a sort of homily, small sermons and prayers for every day in the year, choosing passages from great preachers, and writing many herself when she found nothing appropriate. At last she grew nearly blind, and wept over that! She was in terrors of being thrown into utter darkness of the brain!

And yet I couldn't help crying, though I was full of rejoicing for her. No strange hand touched her. I washed and dressed her and laid her in her last bed. But I put my head on the pillow first. I thought her sleep would be sweeter if her child's head had lain there first!

When my child died, my tears were parched and never flowed any more. It was as if my chest was on fire, but not a tear! Since then I suffered a great deal but only with heart-beating, and never a tear. And now my mother's death, which is a natural grief, opened the flood gates for the first time, and the heart doesn't hurt and doesn't thump in that horrible way that drives one nearly to suicide! Such a great pain but no despair! So much suffering, and yet so much gentleness! It isn't a storm that destroys everything and leaves the desert behind!

I can't do anything for the present. The distributing of the things is already too much for me. I sit still and look at the budding beeches and listen to the birds! — She has left me Segenhaus [1] with many charges, so many people I have to take care of and all the poor and the blind and the deaf and the dumb and the hospital, etc. Money there is none of course.

[1] Meaning — House of Mercy

In our families where everything goes to the eldest son there is nothing for us, and so my inheritance is so very much like me, a house in which I keep those of whom she took care, and all the poor people! It is all for the soul, and I am so happy about that! Now I have a grand idea for Segenhaus, an idea that I caressed for more than twenty years, and that may do very, very great international good. But for that I must find money, I am confident that if my idea is really good and useful, the money for it will come in some unexpected way. I have always dreamt to make *le couvent des fatigués!* Fancy what that implies, — not real old age, but people beyond love and ambition so that every reason for quarrelling is excluded. And tired people can only be great workers, so most interesting and full of mental riches. I should have to build a little, to have many cozy rooms, a grand library, a delicious music-room, one or two studios for painters, my own room, that must remain free and ready for me at any time, and in this splendid home a small republic, people paying for their meals, but not for their dwelling, which I offer them, but just to make them feel quite free and independent. Some will stay a fortnight and others all their life, and it may become a center of

light and life and love, and the whole country around will grow richer and happier by the work there will be. The rooms must be in light wood with snow white curtains, simple as simple can be, the floors of glass so that they wash with a sponge, the carpets thick hand made, knotted, two meals in common, and entire rest and liberty, no presents, but a "tire-lire" [?] for a Xmas tree for poor children every year, into which nobody knows what one bestows! A sort of uniform dress for the ladies, black with white collars and white veils, so that it never shows if you are rich or poor — all the same! The whole plan is complete in my head! My mother wished the house to remain for the widows of the second sons and for the unmarried daughters of the house; but if I create a haven of rest they will find it so much the sweeter to live here! Instead of an empty house, life and thought and love!

But I don't speak of my plan at all not to find contradiction. I keep it to myself till I can realize it. For the present I must try to make ends meet for the few people I have taken charge of. Never mind! If it is a good, doing as world-wide good as it may, it will prosper, money will come from somewhere and the thing will develop; the country is lovely, the

climate mild, the woods delicious, the view out of every window splendid. Fancy a company of thinkers, artists, of people tossed about in the storms of life, quite beyond human passions, and yet not dead to the interesting things earth has still to offer — what a haven it might be!— I have never yet had or enjoyed anything for or by myself, and so Segenhaus can never be for me alone!

On Tuesday I shall go to Neuwied to the Hospital where for fifty years the committee assembles, and I shall take my mother's place there, as my sister-in-law won't hear of anything else. She is so sweet and delicate and gentle! It will be heart-rending, but it has to be done! The whole town is in mourning, not an eye will be dry!

They want to hold a funeral service there, but I begged them to spare me! I can't bear more for the present!

I hope to make the years I have still to dwell on earth as full of blessings as ever I can! And then spread my wings at last and fly away home! ! !

Your librarian is taken good care of in London; she is so sweet, it seems! Thank you again for all your sympathy and kindness.

ELISABETH

Bucarest, April 30, 1902.

My kind friends: —

It was only yesterday I began to open the letters and packets I found here on my arrival. I felt so weak that I didn't even look at them at first. And then the lovely surprise was there, and also one from Marguerite! Oh but it was so sweet! Oh how kind, how kind to have taken all those pains, and that beautiful cover, and everything! I shall look at it many times and fancy myself there, in those magnificant surroundings, in the midst of your sweet home, with its peaceful beauty and joy and comfort! Oh how I wish I might rest there! But oh *but!* There are so many *buts* in my life! so very many! So many that I have learnt to live only by the mind, and to enjoy things by the thought and imagination, which is so vivid that I could fancy I have seen and touched what I would see and touch!

I hope you got my letter from Segenhaus. It was so hard to go away and to feel that that home was closed upon me, though not really, as my mother has left it to me. It is more of a spiritual inheritance than a material one, as I can't enjoy it much. But if I succeed in making out of it what I dream, it will be a blessing in centuries to come. All my great suffering, all

my loneliness on earth, is to be turned into blessings for others! Those I have loved most are all gone, and I have but very few ties left! I can't say I have ever been quite on earth again since my only child went away! And every time I see the doors of heaven open, my longing grows almost unbearable! But I am ready to stay as long as I must, and ready to help as long as I can, and ready to bear what is ordained for me to bear! The end can't be so very, very far off any more and when my work is done, I very much hope it will be taken up by someone else and continued, as I continue my mother's, trying to make people feel as if she was still there! Her house must not only continue to bear the name of Segenhaus, but to be a house of blessing, a home for the tired, a haven of rest! Only a little money, and it will be feasible. But one always finds money when one wants to make something for others. My mother began her hospital with not a penny in her pocket, and now she lived to see it grow, to receive above a hundred patients, and to have its own capital! It is very fine to see a city of *œuvres de charité*, all united in one place in Neuwied; the hospital, the orphanage, that bears my brother's name, the deaf and dumb and the blind school, only separated by

sufficiently large gardens to give plenty of light and air everywhere.

The sweet portrait of Marguerite is quite fascinating, and the leather bound book will be read with joy. You do spoil me! In return I'll send you Roumanian costumes — that I have worn, so that you need pay no taxes, which I was so afraid of; but worn things pay nothing at all I know. I hope Marguerite will have some more brothers and sisters, in order not to be alone! There might be more of them to enjoy so much blessings and such real happiness!

To look at those pretty pictures has taken some of the great fatigue of suffering out of me. I began to feel alive again, whilst in the last weeks I had become quite lazy. I could sit by the window for hours and look at the growing leaves and listen to the carol of the birds. The King was not alone; he had the visit of a brother and sister-in-law, and I arrived when they had to start, though it was so difficult to go away, oh so difficult! I was so tired that I had to stop at Vienna. I couldn't bear the shaking of the train any longer. I am still very ailing and grief is a very bad thing for any morbidness in your blood. I have still got that tumor; it has diminished considerably, but it is

still there and often very painful, especially when I stand or walk too much. But they all say it will grow small to insignificance in a short time now, and that towards sixty I shall be so much stronger. They wouldn't operate it; and I think it was wise, as it didn't threaten with malignity. The operation might have been quite beyond my strength. Leave things to Nature as much as possible; Nature is generally so clever and knows what to do! I don't feel like near upon sixty, and they say I don't look it; only in Segenhaus I looked suddenly very old and quite wrinkled, but that was no wonder. Grief is very bad for the health and looks! ! And one doesn't think of it at all! I only noticed it in the train coming to Vienna. And I have a very original outspoken Swiss lady's-maid, to whom I said: "Dear me, just look at me! How old!" "Well," she said, "did you expect to grow younger by all that?" I smiled and the impression was gone and forgotten, by her simple and natural answer.

After all that beautiful spring and green and singing it is snowing hard and fast. Such a pity! But one must be grateful for any kind of damp, in our dry ground. But this will spoil perhaps the whole reps, and the trees in flower, that are a great revenue for the peas-

ants, by the alcohol they make — out of the prunes especially. The reps is for the proprietors, but it brings such a lot of money, just about forty millions or more, and that in spring when there is nothing else yet, is very welcome. But happily the planting costs very little, and if it gets spoiled one can sow something else in its stead, so that there is no real loss, only no gain, when one is so very hard up, for the last years.

I must stop, as I have mountains to write, and as I have been very lazy lately. Looking out of the window doesn't get letters finished.

God bless you all, and kind thanks for every loving thought!

ELISABETH

Bucarest, May 9, 1902.

Kind friends: —

May I be very tiresome and recommend to your kindness a poor lady, who left America at the age of fourteen in order to learn to sing, which [she] has done beautifully, and got married to Mr. Hartwig, who had a good situation here, but not wanting to be mixed *dans une affaire onéreuse* he left and now they haven't a penny. She wishes to give singing lessons, and can't succeed here where there are so many for a small country.

She is a very nice young woman, her reputation here perfect, her singing good. But of course it will be difficult for her everywhere. She must have been extremely pretty, but it doesn't enhance beauty to cry your eyes out! I know you will be kind — you can't help it!

ELISABETH

[The following is in many respects a most noteworthy letter. The sharply contrasting emotions expressed, the quick transition from tragedy to the serene beauties of Nature and back again, and the great variety of subjects discussed, make it a singularly interesting bit of autobiography, — the more so when it is explained that "Moloch" was the principal character in one of the great tragic events and disappointments of the Queen's life. The title of Moloch is merely a *nom de guerre* disguise for a young woman who was a former maid of honor to the Queen, and whose real name she had been enjoined from ever writing or speaking again. It is said that the Crown Prince (the King's nephew) and "Moloch" had had a real love-affair, resulting in the latter's banishment by the King, who had taken it upon himself to select as the Prince's consort a grand-daughter of Queen Victoria. Queen

Elisabeth's attachment for her favorite maid of honor and protégée was such that she promptly decided to go into exile with her, and the "two weary wanderers, Pahnus and Onophrio" were doubtless no other than "Moloch" and the Queen herself. Awakened perhaps by a sense of duty to the King and to her adopted country, the Queen eventually returned, but with the strict mandate that she should hold no further oral or written communication with her former companion in exile. It is therefore easy to understand her great surprise and agitation upon learning that her American correspondent had become acquainted with the one whom she loved so devotedly, and from whom she had become hopelessly detached. Six weeks later the Queen wrote: "I do so hope that all will change some day, with patience and endurance, and I may show the world how true I have been all the time. *She* knows I have been true, as I went through hell for her! But the world at large doesn't. They think I have forgotten her!"

It is interesting to know that "Moloch" who is still living, is one of the most celebrated women writers of Europe. In connection with this subject it will be worth while to turn to the Queen's letter of May 28, 1903.]

Bucarest, May 30, 1902.

My good and kind friend: —

The world is small, and God is great, and you are meant to be a constant source of joy and comfort to me! Fancy my getting news from Moloch through you, and your knowing of those two weary wanderers, Pahnus and Onophrio!

And your letters never having seen a *cabinet noir* yet, at least I never saw a trace till now, and I hope mine have arrived untouched! So I can really get news from Moloch over America! It is too beautiful! ! I loathe politics and monarchism and machiavelianism, and Byzantinism, and all the isms in the world, that have been a perfect torture to me! I am a bigger republican than all the Americans and all the socialists together — I assure you! Tell Moloch that the hour of our meeting will be one of such joy that I must take care not to die of it, after having suffered more than the poor heart can bear! I wish we could all sit together in your block house and listen to whispering of the woods and forget all our past life, as if it had never been; as if no troubles had threatened to kill my talent altogether and for good, — as if we were all peace and happiness! ! Oh dear! ! !

Thought ought to be triumphant and come

out victorious after ever so many trials, ought it not? I shall receive your friend's book with due *recueillement!* But I can't make out the first name, in New Jersey; that I read well, but the first name is not clear enough to risk writing it. Sunemit, Summit, — can it be Summit? I am not sure, though I generally read your handwriting without hesitating; but when you have to send letters so far, you like them to arrive at their destination.

How beautiful that you are in correspondence with Moloch! It is such joy to me, and I feel that we shall all be together some day, and merry and happy! Just now everything looks rather dark, but behind very black clouds one knows there is the sun! It is really always there! One need only feel it is one's heart and not doubt, and then it suddenly appears again, radiant and blissful, and you forget the biggest thunderstorm that has left you alive! Do you know how Moloch used to call my skull? *La petite cellule de condamné!* Wasn't that good? I can't write about human passions just now, I can only write for babies and their like, and so get up my strength again very slowly. I am a patient — the world's wounded one, and my healing is a slow process often interrupted by mishaps that throw me back again for awhile!

I am afraid I left the books in Sinaia, but I shall be sure to find them and to send them in a very short time, and I beg your pardon for having kept you waiting. I am so glad Miss Evverson was happy in England! She pleases everybody there. Has she made acquaintance with Moloch? I wish she might! When one thinks that such lives as ours have been nearly destroyed by miserable fear and heartlessness, and want of chivalry! I need not tell you what I feel every time I look into that poor boy's [1] face! I must keep all my strength together not to tell him what I think, and to make all further relations impossible between us. I try to think that he is the future King and that his children ought to be my grand children, but you see Nature is not to be replaced; you cannot love another child as if it was your own, — never say such a thing, because it can't be true! The great thing will always be wanting: the parent instinct!

Oh I am so happy that your sweet flower Marguerite is well again, you must have been so anxious! I felt the burning in my heart when I got your letter! I could only fold my hands in silence, and now I thank God for having made her well again! I want you so to be

[1] Referring to the crown prince.

happy. It rests me to think of your happiness. I wish I could sit in your home and enjoy it.

But I don't want to see the poor trout die! I can't very well see anything die, it makes me quite sick! I tried fishing once, but never again. I like to watch them in the water. I once went with my brother when he was going to shoot a stag. Oh, but never, never again! I shall never forget the magnificent bound into the air, and the falling, like a tree that is felled! It is stupid; the creatures die of themselves as well, but I need not see it! I know that thinkers and philosophers have liked to fish, but why fish? Why not look into the water quietly and enjoy their sport? 'Tis so pretty. And the birds! One could watch them for days without getting tired! Their courtship and their song and their nest, and their young, oh dear! How sweet! And here I never hear a lark, and never a nightingale and never see the wrens and all the other darlings of my youth, and then I grow homesick only with longing for the song of the lark! Or for a green field, or some wild flowers that I love more than the garden flowers! Nature is such a want in my life! I can't tell you how hard it is! I hate towns and town life, being brought up in the forest! You can fancy how hard it seems! All the great events in Nature go past

my ken, and I see no more of them! *La petite cellule de condamné* is often heavy with longing, and can't get what would so easily make it happy and feel free, and no more a poor prisoner! I wonder if politics are as hateful in a Republic? There can't be any Byzantinism in a Republic, nothing of the kind in the West, nothing so loathsome and disgusting. Of course men are men everywhere and human passions and ambitions and jealousies everywhere, but not where space is so wide, and room for work for hundreds of thousands! Oh how I wish I could get America into here! But *en gros*, with hundreds of machines, working our petroleum, our marble, our fields, our mines! My dear peasants would be happy at last, and rich and prosperous, and Russia would have lost influence forever! But Carol says: "Not yet!" And so we must wait. There is just now a real measles of chauvinism here, and one would be simply stoned for introducing strangers. But I shouldn't mind being stoned — as I have got accustomed to that operation already — for the blessings would follow! You see when I hear the word Ebenbürtig — that means equal in blood and birth to the demigods — I laugh and can't help it, as I know how many there are who have no blue blood at all in their veins,

but quite good blood much lower down and have fared well with it, only unacknowledged, but not unknown; and I wanted to get up a dying-out race, honestly by fair means, and that was called a sin! One could roar with laughter.

The King is not at all well lately! I am very much afraid for his health. I find him such a tired man, I can only say the French word, *usé!*

God knows what is coming! I am ready for every emergency, and know that I can bear what God sends, and even what men do to me, which is always more difficult to bear! One thinks one must die of it, but then one sees that life is stronger than calumny and Byzantinism and all that, and thought stronger than what people say, and love greater than persecution, and then one is ready to bear the rest. Once fate will have spent its fury on me! Ask Moloch if she remembers that wonderful word that was said to me once: "*Furies du sort passent, tu demeure plume blanche!*" It has been my comfort through all those heavy years.

I make such horrid mistakes today, I think I am just a little nervous. There is so much to make one so at times! And one can't always be the giant Goliath and feel strong; one often

would like to hide in a bird's nest, very high up in the biggest trees of a virgin forest where nobody could reach you any more! Then one would sing again, out of a full heart and with head lifted to the clouds like God's real own singers!

Yes, Moloch's parents are very honorable people, and behaved throughout these years of cruel persecution with the greatest dignity. I love the mother very much and think the father a very good man, though not of such rich perfection as his wife, who has remained a very pure woman, even in very hard times. You see men are allowed so much more, and their wives have to put up with it. I think it wrong. I think men ought to remain pure as well and be true to their wives. They don't know how very much happier they could be then, and how much more they could love and be loved! Otherwise there is always a shadow, a forgiveness between them, a doubt, a sadness, that need not be there. But perhaps I can't judge the Latin races; the German races are more selfcontained and not nearly so sensual, and so I dare not judge. But my belief is that one might remain good and brave and conquer instinct by principle. I have seen such beautiful reward for bravely fought battles!

But the Latin race thinks nothing of it; they even laugh at pure men; they think them poor and to be pitied rather! I don't.

I think it would be so much better for men's health to be one woman's husband and not to have an unallowed harem; then it is better to be a Mohammedan, then at least your wife's and children's health is safe! But otherwise the misery I witness here! It is unspeakable! I could cry out sometimes! Formerly the young men here had the gypsies on their father's estate, and they were healthy, a kind of harem, and when they married they got most beautiful children, from the gypsies and from their wives, and the race was magnificent. Now the young men all come back from Paris, I need not tell you how; and then I must see the charming girls that I have brought up in my love and principles and ideas of honorability and purity, be given away to miseries they don't even dream of; and they only discover when their health is gone, and their children's lives as well! It is horrible! I suffer a great deal by not being able to prevent such misery! I sometimes feel like getting up in my box in the theatre and preaching them a sermon. Fancy, they would be aghast! I want to bring fresh blood here and fresh ideas and fresh impressions and the

feeling that they are much worse than savages, having tasted civilization, and all the horrors of it! Probably they are still too backward to understand the difference. But it is hard, not to be able to help where help would be so necessary. I know of a lady who has engaged her daughter to be married, and has to wait for his being cured first before the doctors can allow him to marry! It is unimaginable! The whole town is disgusted with her. Only for a little money, of course! To make sure that nobody else will get that money! You see those are the things for which my hair stands on end, and for which I don't know what I could do, — and then I can't move. I can't preach to people who are quite deaf, and don't even understand what I say, or would laugh at me behind my back, or turn dire enemies and persecute every work of charity that I am patronizing! And so I keep my council, but I feel like a criminal myself, especially when they call me Mama Regina!

I am now working at my poor little Protestant church, which is really very horrible, but the congregation is so poor that they can't even whitewash it! So I am dressing it in velveteen all embroidered with lilies, and beautiful Bible verses, and between I paint marble

and wood rIbas [?] with beautiful verses, and flowers as well, and I have ordered stained glass windows with verses upon them, and so at last the whole thing will look decent! Round the chancel I have got the verse: "The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life."

I once heard a most beautiful sermon in Westminster Abbey, preached by the Dean Stanley on that text.

I advised them to let the church be seen for money for the poor, or for a new organ, as that is quite beyond my means. When finished, it will really look very pretty indeed, like an ancient Oratoire of some noble house. It is so small that I can undertake such a work, and finish it alone. I don't want people to meddle with their gifts without any taste at all. It is to come out of one imagination and one head, and look quiet and yet bright, suggestive of happy thoughts and thanksgivings.

I am finishing now a cover for a chalice for a church in Moldavia, all done and invented by me. It is really very beautiful and looks as mediæval as possible. I went through all the festivals of the five and twenty years independence and war, and I bore it quite well in white crepe, with a long white crepe veil, just like the black one, and everybody was

touched that I didn't keep away, though I am in such deep mourning. But I told them as they were going to put away the old flags and bless new ones, I had to be there, being an old flag myself, and belonging to the war of independence, with all my soul and all my strength, having nursed a hundred wounded in my barracks alone, without all the others I visited! Sometimes five hospitals a day! I presented to them little Elisaveta,[1] as the future nurse of the Red Cross. She didn't quite realize what I was saying, but the officers did, and looked at her with loving eyes. May God grant me never to see another war. It is so saddening that one can never get quite oneself again.[2]

I long for the woods and for rest, and for sunshine and no more politics and no more worries. Dear me! One might ask for one's pension, after thirty-three years of hard labour! I must leave you; I have to dress. I have been at work now since four o'clock this morning without ever stopping, and now I must dress for breakfast as it is half past eight nearly, and we have breakfast after

[1] Her little daughter, who died at the age of four.

[2] The Queen passed away shortly before Roumania became involved in the late world-wide war.

nine. The great cold in the rest of Europe has been good for us; the heat has not even begun yet, that generally is killing from the month of March upward, something unbearable in April and May, and deathlike in July! But then we are always in Sinaia. If only our climate was a little better! I never dared to invite my brother's family, his children being delicate, and I afraid of the ague for them.

Good bye, and God bless you for every joy you put into my life!

Ever yours, ELISABETH

Bucarest, June 16, 1902.

Most kind friends: —

It seems such a long time since I heard from you that it makes me restless, and anxious to know if you have got my last letter? I am always a little bit afraid with letters, as there are so many people on the road between very short spaces sometimes. I was so happy to hear from my friend [1] in that way and to be able to send her a message, but then I grew more afraid still. But I hope it is only my fancy, and still more I hope that you haven't had fresh causes for anxiety about your sweet flower Marguerite.

[1] "Moloch," referred to in the letter next preceeding.

I long so terribly for my home, that I don't know how to bear the months till I may get there. Also I have bad news from my niece, who is very ailing, — a lovely girl of nineteen, who has been ill these two years, and now she is getting worse, as it seems; at least the last news sounds very disheartening. May I be mistaken, but I am seldom mistaken when I expect the worst!

Only the good things rarely take form, but the bad ones are always sure to come! I ought not to write today, being a little tired, with the *déménagement* to Sinaia, and the terrible heat that sends us out of town. It will be refreshing, as I shake in my legs where I stand, with the excessive heat of the last week. But the harvest is magnificent, the wheat a marvel, the rep good; not so much as needful, but not too bad. The rep is always a doubtful affair. In rare good years it brings in millions just in spring, but it always rains whilst one is cutting it, and that is so necessary for the Turkish corn which is the peasants' only food and income, and so one may not even grumble at losing the rep. It is nothing nowadays to depend entirely on the fields, as they are destroyed by a cyclone, just when they are finest, and the revenue of a whole

year is gone in two minutes! We have nothing to fall back upon. So we had to cut deep into our own flesh and spare and spare everywhere. It was hard upon many, but that can't really help in the end. I know we can't get on without great capital from outside. But then who can bring it? One is chauvin to a degree! Not even strange capital is to be let in! ! We are really growing quite Chinese!

I am full of care always and can't see things in a very bright light, as long as there are not quite new and different measures taken. I have made the greatest efforts to make our small house industry flourish, but it cost me a fortune and hasn't helped much. Our work is very fine but can't be otherwise than dear, being all hand-made. I wonder what one could do. Factories are very unsuccessful till now, as they can't contend with the things that are brought into the country. I see things very dark, and can't understand Stourdza's [1] chauvinism, who wants our peasants to do everything by themselves. But it is impossible to make them work mines without enormous capital. It is as if the people here were afraid of taking the bread out of the mouths of their grand-children by

[1] The Roumanian Prime Minister.

letting in strangers, as if they were afraid that the Roumanian element might be submerged and choked altogether. That is what makes them go against the Jews, neither on account of their religion nor on account of their nationality, but on account of their being too many!

We have five million inhabitants and five hundred thousand Jews; no country has so many. They have all trade and all professions in their hands, and only emigrated when there was really nothing more to do here for them, as no houses were built and nothing bought, nobody having any money. When the peasants had nothing to eat, all the rest stopped. I know that on one day in Bucarest there were hundreds of painters without work, because nobody painted their houses any more, having no money. The Roumanians bore their hunger without complaining; the peasants ate in two days once; but the Jews were instantly taken up by the whole world, and there was such a row and such a lamento, and after having promised them beautiful things in America and everywhere, most of them found that they were better off in Roumania and came back again as complete paupers, which made the situation still

worse. It is very curious and very complicated. There was a time when the Jews from Russia and Austria streamed into Roumania, because they were tolerated here and expulsed in other countries. I think the question is extremely difficult and not quite simple to solve.

Now there are Roumanian artisans, but in their infancy and they want to have the law that no strangers whatever are to be tolerated any more, because they feel their inferiority and think that they can't get up if the others are allowed to remain. And there one has been weak indeed, and one ought to have been more energetic. But one had to be so hard in everything, taking away their income and their pensions and everything, that one had to be patient in other things. It was really too difficult, and I think the national household is a thing too difficult and too delicate to be dealt with in a conversation or a letter. I am always afraid of not understanding the question. I should never hesitate to introduce strange capital, but at the same time I should plant mulberries round all the villages, and silk factories near every village. In the time when the silk worms were sold, especially the eggs, the

peasants rolled in gold. Then they were told that a tax would be laid on that trade, and they promptly cut off their mulberry trees. They all spin and weave silk; it would be so easy to make something out of that. Only the difficulty with factories is that the [workers] don't come; they come for two or three days, and when they have enough to eat for a week, they don't come again till the last penny is gone. You see the difficulty is very great, and only a radical cure could help there. One has been too quick with civilization in some directions and left the others unnoticed. Now there are too many schools, more masters and mistresses formed than children to instruct, and I constantly receive petitions from young girls who have passed their highest examinations and find no situation. They work with the needle, some of them, which they might have done from the first. Some learn to embroider beautifully, but if there is no money nobody will buy fancy-work! Really I don't know what to do; I only see strange capital and strange undertakings; and that nobody will hear of; they have a perfect horror of it. It is very childish, but one can't swim against the stream all the time.

The King is beginning to be very tired, and everything new is a horror to him; he can't grasp it any more; he is content when the day and its routine is over. He wasn't so formerly, but he is over-tired, and can't help himself, and I really have only one thought: to make him rest!

I'm afraid I am very very uninteresting today. But everything seems to look so dark! Once, once there will be new life!

ELISABETH

The poems of your friend are gems. I must write to him myself.

Sinaia, July 15, 1902.

My kind friend: —

How dreadful, and what a mercy! One can't be quiet and thankful enough that there are angels to keep our foot from gliding and our life from being crushed before it is time! I am so grateful to think that you have been spared, and that even the old ladies were not seriously hurt. But you must all feel very much shaken, morally I mean, as always after such a shock and the dreadful "what might have been!" It is always the story of the rider who went on horseback over the ice of the Lake of Constance, and asked where

it was, and when he heard he had ridden right over it, the fright was so great that he fell down dead from his horse. There is something of that after every great danger.

I am so happy the interesting young women are together in London, and are getting into close friendship![1] Isn't it touching that I get news through you and over America! I do so hope all that will change some day, with patience and endurance, and I may show the world how true I have been all the time. *She* knows I have been true, as I went through hell for her! But the world at large doesn't. They think I have forgotten her! And I have even begun a big work for her, that will give her pleasure some day, only it takes long, as all fine works of art do.

I want to see you in my old home. I am going there in a fortnight, and shan't be back here, but late in autumn, when Sinaia is no more so fine, at least not so green and attractive. But in my old home I should enjoy your visit more, if you will put up with something simple, perhaps simpler than your blockhouse, as to comfort. The King goes to Gastein now, and then to Switzerland. But

[1] Refers to the Queen's friend "Moloch" and another young woman who was the librarian of her correspondent.

I want to show you the Rhine, the house my mother built for me, with the idea to leave it as a resting place for me, in my somewhat difficult life, and then I want you to see my beautiful burial-place, under the ancient limetrees, with the forest around it.

I am freer in Segenhaus, only send me a telegram when you arrive, and a room will be ready for each of you, and a carriage at the station. You won't find much brightness there, as my poor little niece seems to be getting worse and worse! She doesn't even sign her name any more, and they beg me not to be startled on seeing her again. It seems she looks old with the pain she endures. The poor child! If God is merciful he will take her away, but my brother won't outlive her much; he hasn't the strength to bear such an overwhelming grief. So you must not expect to find us very gay and bright, but very happy to see you, receiving you like a sunray, and happy to make you feel at home.

Don't try for the present to do anything here. The chauvinism is so great in the present moment that it fills me with apprehension and anxiety. We only want a Chinese wall to be perfect in the style! It makes me very unhappy. I think of sending a wonder-

ful worker to America. She embroiders magnificent things, but she is persecuted even now, and I advise her to follow the invitation of the president of the Chicago Exhibition, who engaged her and even begged her to come to Chicago. Her work is really marvellous, and now that she has taught everywhere, and in ever so many schools, one wants to get rid of her, as if she took away the bread she taught them to earn. I cannot say how sick I was about it. I told her to go. I said, the world is so small that to me it makes not the slightest difference if she is in Chicago or in Australia; I can order things there too, and here I can't prevent persecution, which is the greater, the more I protect her. I hope to see America stream in here, and make the country prosperous against its own instinct, but I must not dream to say so for the present. They would put my eyes out. Even the King won't hear of American enterprise here. I can't do anything for the present. Some day I hope to open my country, before I die, and then it will be a gold mine in every direction, and my beloved peasants will get out of their misery.

If I could only show you the things this woman does; one can't see, at a distance, if

it isn't painted. Everybody takes her things for beautiful water-color paintings. In America she will grow rich, as I tell her, before her eyes grow weak. She can't go on forever like that; her eyes won't stand it, but till then she can have an atelier that she only superintends and directs, and her things will spread over the world. I think she had better go straight to America than to France where there are more *brodeuses*. I shall beg you to protect her a little.

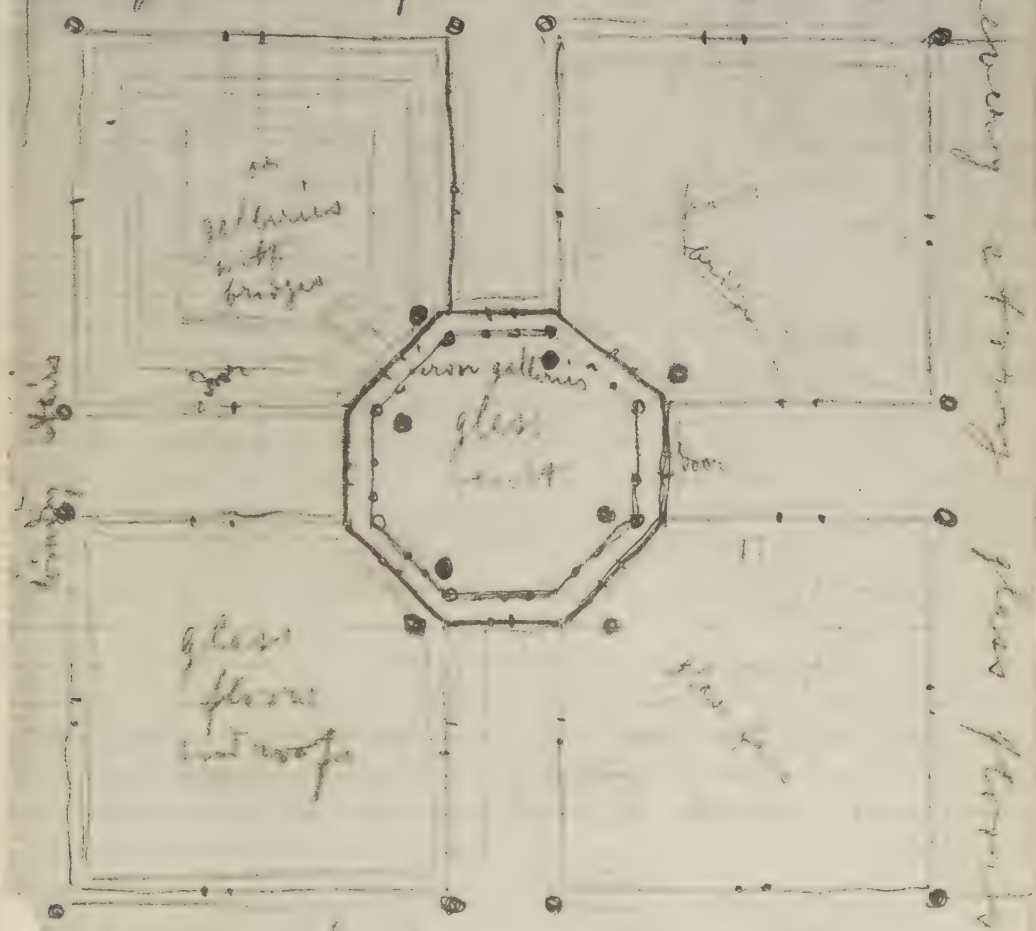
I don't know how to thank you enough for your great kindness for the poor singer. You are too good, really! What a blessing that God has allowed thoroughly good people in the world to spread their blessings! And the good one does is like a stone in the water, — one never quite knows how far the little ripple will go, and where it may land at last!

When I think of your library, it makes me quite happy to think of such a spot on the earth. Of course it must be in white marble and decked entirely with a glass vault. I daresay you know them in America already, those glass vaults, of glass bricks; they require no iron, nothing underneath, and are quite cool as there is air inside, and

Drawn by Elizabeth,
Queen of Roumania

all the walls glass with sliding windows

galleries for the books in



Library Plan

no heat or cold can penetrate, like in the ordinary glass house. I take some of them with me, as there are some parts of Segenhaus I want to do like that, for instance the entrance hall which is at the same time a music-room, and which is much too dark. It ought to be high, with three stories and galleries in carved marble running all round, a sort of Pantheon of letters! It might be grand. — Carved marble winding staircases running up from one story to the next in different places, the floor marble, unpolished, so that there will be a soft light all through. You can have the glass tiles, and a color a little yellowish would be preferable, to have an eternal sunshine in the temple of thought. Nice green tables with desks to work on, and books to pile on, in that soft and strong light.

I wish I could receive you in Segenhaus first, and in Sinaia afterwards. Would that not be the best plan, so that you might see everything? But don't think of anything in the way of enterprise for the present. The wind blows the other way, and if we go against it, it might grow into a gale!

My kind love to all you love and the expression of all my joy at your having been spared. God bless you! ELISABETH

Sinaia, October 26, 1902.[1]

My kind friend: —

I only wrote so hastily, as I was at that moment in a great state of worry, and then this American note [2] just having arrived made me nervous about asking the King if it was the right moment for you to come. Once in town your visit will be noticed less than here in Sinaia. And as one is a little excited about that note it is better to let the storm go by!

We are sure to be in town in three weeks. Write to me again. From that time any day will be right. I am so impatient to see you at last, but not when it would be uncomfortable and I all the time on the rack with fear of giving displeasure! You seem to understand so well all my difficulties that I need not explain. I cannot even tell months before what I am going to do, as I never know a fortnight before! My life is so exceedingly difficult and rough, and even a joy like this must be postponed and paid for!

But one word and all trouble will be forgotten, and we will make plans for future productiveness. My pen won't go! For the

[1] The Queen scribbled this note hastily with pen.

[2] This diplomatic correspondence is printed herein, at the conclusion of letter dated November 29, 1904.

My kind friends!
I'm afraid my
longing to see you
must not get be
satisfied! It is
getting cold and
horrid here and I

don't know how
long we stay
here after the americans
leave! A little too
soon! So we must
be patient and
you will come to
Bucarest!
I am in such a
hurry and
worry! Send me
your next adress
Elisabeth

Calea Victoriei 167
Bucarest

machine I am too tired! Oh! Don't think I don't expect you with all my heart! God bless you and your darlings; and write your plans and your journey, because you can choose your time now!

ELISABETH

Sinaia, November 14, 1902.

My kind friend: —

More than ever may I call you so, as you understand with the greatest delicacy what I don't say!!! I am so thankful! You see, I couldn't have borne people to be unkind or even the least bit cold toward you! I have suffered so dreadfully in that way that I can't bear any more.

To think that you will be near, and that I can't call to you: "Come quickly!" seems very hard! But reason says: "A little later is wiser and better," and then I hope that your stay in Bucarest will be pure joy without any bitterness in it!!! I long to talk and to talk and to hear so many things. I am so happy that you saw all those people who are all unknown friends to me, or better, very well known, but unseen! But it is as if I had known them all my life, having translated many of their things and reading every word they publish.

I daresay Moloch helped you to see them all! Oh dear! How I long to be amongst my brethren in thought and feeling! But you see perhaps I had to remain unsatisfied, and being ever hungry, my pen had to become my only consolation. Perhaps I should never have become the serious writer I had to be, if I had been surrounded by great minds whose overpowering grandeur would have silenced me from sheer modesty!

Let me arrange everything for you in Bucarest, only keep me *au courant* of your whereabouts so that I can write or telegraph definite plans easily. I should like you very much to see a New Year's ball, — to which I shall go though I am in such deep mourning, as it is service and duty, and the people must feel that they begin the year with us, so many only see us that once! ! I am rather heavy-laden with many cares just now, and so I look forward to your dear visit, not only as a great joy, but also as a real comfort and solace. Your darlings will bring sunshine, I know, and as my love for children is also one of those hungry things in me you can fancy how welcome your sweet child will be. Fancy, for one half moment I was afraid you might misunderstand me as I didn't

explain, but there is no fear of that. There is real understanding and knowledge for my difficult life. Much greater than I am aware of, and so I rest in peace and feel safe with you, and never fear again. I often say, if people only knew how hard I try to make them happy, and to arrange everything for the best! If I am not successful, it isn't my fault, but the fault of circumstances, or God's will so, or fate perhaps, that has to be worked out. Sometimes I even think, a curse that must outlive itself, and that can't be shaken off, but it must be borne!!! Your goodness is such a help to me; distance makes not the slightest difference! I believe so implicitly in soul life, as being quite independent of the body that it has to bear for a little while, that distance makes no difference to me.

You needn't go to any theatre here; they are not good enough to lose your time with them, and to get so dreadfully tired as one gets when they never finish before one in the night! But I hope to offer you some first rate music, if my young genius is still here. We have quartettes here all the time, and all the artists who come to Bucarest are at home in my salon, and come there every day as long as they stay in Bucarest. And I hear

there are some coming this winter. And as I don't go out, if I can help it, I have them all with me, which is much pleasanter than concerts in stifling rooms and halls!

I hasten to close my letter as I can't quite make out the name of the place. Is it Huatrice? My geography is quite at sea! ! ! ! But if I say to send on my letter, it is sure to reach you! God bless you! I am so happy at the thought of seeing you! You will find quite a library of those things that are not out of print and that have not been re-edited, as I never care about those things at all.

With fond hopes and joy in store! Ever yours,

ELISABETH

Bucarest, December 3, 1902.

Dear kind friends: —

Doesn't it seem ridiculous to let you come so near, and not to call to you to hasten here! But I think if we all are a little patient it will be better for us, as politics play such a part in this poor little country, too small and too weak not to be extremely sensitive, and touchy! But the ill will must blow over in a little time; it is so stupid, and then I shall be so happy — oh so happy to have you here and to talk all day long, and show you

everything, and let you have music, as much as we can get! If I can only amuse your sweet child a little! I am sure she will be so interesting! There is nothing so interesting as to watch journey impressions on a child's brain. The things they saw and liked are so totally different from what the grown up people enjoyed! Things never come as one wants them to! I meant to show you Segenhaus and Sinaia and the town, everything! But who knows what I may yet show you! A month is such a long time, and three months an Eternity!

Do you go as far as Naples? That would interest the child. See Pompeii; it would be an impression for the rest of her life. More so than Rome, which is perhaps too fatiguing and not intelligible to a child's intellect, as the three Romes must be known before you can understand the Rome of today.

Look at Venice with all your heart and soul! I suffered so much there [1] and I love it so! I lived in the Hotel Ganieli, where I knew no sleep, but many dreadful nights in which I thought I was going to die; and it is a perfect wonder that I am alive still! There is a photographer there who did my photo just

[1] When she was in voluntary exile with "Moloch."

before Moloch left me — in the room. I thought I would leave them a picture before I died, and it is the most picturesque thing you can imagine, one sitting and one leaning against the door. Dear me, I forget the name of the then very famous photographer! I shall find it before I finish the letter. The photo looks like a young ghost, but it is very fine. I can never look at it without feeling as if my inside was coming out! I suffered too much in that time!

My life is really extremely curious and interesting and unheard of. It is taking quite a new turn lately, as if I was going to be allowed to do the good I can, and I hope to do, or I dared not hope to do any more.

I told you that I want to make my mother's house into a resting place for the tired! *Le Couvent des fatigués!* And as I have no money, and can't take away money from here, where I have got so many poor people, and as I can't ask the King to give me money for my home, when he is overladen with expenses here, and can scarcely suffice, I sell all my jewels, the pearls my mother always wore, the pearls my child wore, and everything I have got that doesn't belong to the Hohenzollern family and that I can't sell, so that I

hope to get a little capital. It is high time I should, as already my home has begun to work.

And who do you think are the first to enjoy it! Two poor Roumanian girls, of the best society and best bringing up, utterly homeless and helpless, the one an orphan, the other worse than an orphan and a cripple besides; they don't know where to lay their heads! The cripple has an old governess who has taken care of her for years without a penny of remuneration, she even *courait le cachet*, in order to earn something for them both, in Germany, and now the poor things were nigh to despair and so I telegraphed that they were both to come, the cripple and the governess! All these ladies are of the highest culture; they know Latin and Greek, and all the modern languages one knows and one doesn't know, so that the first company in Segenhaus will give the tone of high intellectuality.

I am in a great dilemma. I feel as if an appeal to humanity would bring money directly, but publicity might bring demands for acceptance more than I can overlook and more than would be good in a hurry; such things must go very slowly and carefully, else they

might be spoiled from the first. I want such a high moral and intellectual standard. At first I thought I would make people pay for their living. But this cannot be thought of, as they are dying of hunger and cold, and haven't a penny but what I give them! So that is out of the question. I think of Carnegie! As I must have a very great and complete library perhaps he would give me something if I offer him a home there as often as he wishes to come! But how address him?

I thought of painting very nicely some English poems on parchment and offering them to one of his libraries, and beg him to help me with mine, as my foundation is to be quite international, and may be useful to Americans and Scotch and people of all nations! I wish I could call in Tolstoi! An old friend of my mother is in such wild enthusiasm about it, that she wants to publish, to beg, to do anything, but I am afraid of any kind of hurry, and yet I can't keep many more! With my mother's adopted daughter there will be four ladies there in a few days. That is quite enough for my slender purse for the present, and yet I feel that the stone is rolling, and that I can't stop it any more. The moment the thing will be known people

will want to flock in, and then I must build directly. With what, I wonder? More than thirty people, all in all, the house cannot contain. And I am sure there will be hundreds of them! I shall never forget — I had invented *le couvent des fatigués*, twenty years ago, but of course I saw no way of putting it into execution. But I thought of it continually, and never ceased thinking of it, and many, many years ago I spoke of it in the presence of a poor French governess, a most intellectual woman; she lifted her hands above her head: "Oh Madame! *Que Dieu vous bénisse et vous accorde la possibilité de faire cet immense bienfait!*" It was so touching! I shall always hear the outcry of that poor tired soul! But then I must really go a-begging, as there are many hundreds who don't know where to turn for help and comfort! These two nearly fainted for joy. It came in the nick of time! The first has already written and said she couldn't even move or say one single word, she was quite stunned! And fancy what the poor cripple and that angel-soul of a governess will feel when they get the telegram today that they will know cold and hunger no more! What a curious company they will be already, the two Roumanians, my mother's adopted

daughter, and the German governess; the latter is already about fifty, out of the most learned circle in the north of Germany, very *distinguée*, except her devotion! There they will be, these people, round the first Xmas-tree there, I am sure with streaming eyes, all of them! Poor Baroness von Loë, who has been with my mother these last fifteen years, having her first Xmas without my mother! And these waifs of humanity, this shipwrecked one, only twenty-two, the other a poor cripple about thirty, the governess about fifty, all the servants for the first time without my mother, all the poor who will be so grateful that I continue just as if my mother was alive! There will scarcely be an eye dry round the organ when they sing the hymn in the dark whilst the tree is lighted, as we always did all our life! Not here, oh not here! We had three Xmases and then never another, of course, as the child was gone! Now there is Xmas in the young household and we are the guests there, but my heart aches and bleeds silently all the time! It is not solemn at all and I am sorry for that, because it would be so good for the children to be impressed by something deep and touching and lasting and lifting them up

beyond the presents, which they will forget, whilst the deep solemnity is never forgotten!

I see them all! It will be the most touching thing ever seen in that house! Later on when my mother's image will recede for those who haven't known her, it will change, but it will always be touching to those who have found a home at last, a haven and a blessing!

You see I might go a-begging, as I give all I have, and the most beloved souvenirs, which counts for more than the small value those things have in selling! But I am afraid of publicity for the present! I am sure you understand me quite well. It requires such delicate handling not to spoil a thing that may become wonderful, and not to make it go down in its moral standard, by admitting coarser material only for charity. Charity must scarcely predominate; if you want to have something very perfect, you must pick and choose. I talked to our prime minister Stourdza about it. He stood still where we were walking up and down, looked me in the face for a moment, and then burst out: "It is grand!" He has told me that he gave several nights to my plan, and he advised me not to admit people for more than a certain time. But where is the good of it then? Fancy my

putting those poor things out into the cold again, from my warm hearth! That cannot be thought of! And *les fatigués* will be generally poor as well, else they could go on. There may come *des fatigués* rich, and I hope that they will make some donations if they stay for a while.

Oh you can't think how I dream and reckon alternately night and day. I want to open my house to Russians and Americans, to French and English, to every kind of people, learned and artists, and ladies and gentlemen of a certain age, in order not to have love-stories! That would not do in that house! I see it built up like one of those old English castles or Abbeys, so beautifully painted in the work of Nash. More windows than wall, to let in as much light as possible upon those who have been sadder than words can tell.

I see the whole thing, and I, who always hated life, and only wished for death almost continually, am beginning to want to live in order to make my work live, and to prop it up so that it will go on after my death, without a break or a shake! In the first place I must find more water, else I cannot risk making the house larger, and water is an enormous expense! Then there must be this

library for every language and every taste, for learned men and tired women who can only read an English novel with their exhausted brain. There also something extraordinary happened to me. I got a letter from a lady who says that she is so poor that she is dying with cold, and if I could buy her only companions, her library, which consists of English authors. I sent her the money and told her not to part with her lifelong friends, but to leave them to Segenhaus in her testament, or to send them on slowly whilst I replenish her stock continually, for it seems cruel to leave an invalid without books. I can't well propose to her to come to Segenhaus, as she seems to be very ill and she has a roof over her head, but I don't know if at the end she won't be better housed there with all her books!

I can't write of any thing else today, as my heart is so full of it and my joy so great, at being able to help! You see I don't speak to the King about it, because it would look like begging, and he had no interest in that foundation; he has many others that he made and must entertain. And besides, I want this to be my very own. I have got a magnificent curtain that belonged to my mother for nearly

fifty years; not a stitch is undone, not a spot. It is an old Italian embroidery handwork and has been valued at forty thousand marks, and even more. I mean to sell that to some amateur; that would make a nice sum. It covers a whole wall. I don't want rarities, I want a simple home for every one alike, not better for one and simpler for the other, — one room as good as the other, a real small republic. I have taken for myself the smallest room in the house on purpose; I don't want to have any luxuries; I hate them.

The furniture is all very old, mostly fifty years and even more, — a widow's house! I mean to have all the furniture made by the blind in Neuwied so that every bit of it may be a blessing to someone!

Fancy those poor women waking up on their first morning there, not quite sure if they are alive or already in Heaven, looking out of the window into that magnificent view on the Rhine stretching before them, with the lovely park round them! They will feel ready to fall on their knees and to thank God for being so poor and so happy! You don't know the view! It is something to be in raptures with at every season, even in winter! The Rhine is still the Rhine! I wish I could

see them and hear what they say. It will be like fairy-land when one is suddenly carried off into some wonderful palace where everything comes of itself and all your troubles are at an end! If I only could do that for many! !

You see the blessing. In the time when I can be there, I shall invite artists to come and make music to us, but only first rate artists; we want everything to be excellent, even the food, though ever so simple! I took care to get a very good cook; she is perfect; that is also necessary, for many are delicate who have been hungry too often. They are generally far from strong, those tired ones that have been stranded and wrecked! One has to feed them up simply and carefully not to hurt them with too much good will.

I bought two little Norwegian ponies from the first outcome of my fairy-tales, and so they are called the fairy horses. But you see that already they won't be sufficient, but I want the next to come out of my pen as well. I shall have only Norwegian ponies as they are very strong for the very steep mountain. But one pair is quite insufficient, as everything has to be brought from town. And the poor ladies will want to go to town

also, or even further to a concert in Bonn or Cologne, which is at an hour's distance. But carriages they can't pay for; every carriage up that mountain costs twelve marks!

So you see I shall have to care for everything if I want to make them perfectly happy. And I want them to be perfectly happy, as happy as earth can make them! These will be perfectly happy, as they have no other ties and nothing to regret! They will only wish to forget everything and to be at home and at rest.

Fancy people who can spend millions and millions and never feel it! I do begin to envy them! But I am not afraid. I am sure God will help me. He has put that wish into my heart for all those twenty years, that I might fulfill an order of His, and there is that beautiful saying in Italian: "*Aiuta di obbedir, quando commanda!*" He helps to obey when He commands! Perhaps you will have an idea! You know people who would be ready to help without making too much noise. I don't know how to get at Carnegie. I thought of those poems, but all those I had finished I gave away to artists who were here last year. So that I have to begin the whole work again. If I sent him some beau-

tiful book manuscript for one of his famous libraries and offered him a room in Segenhaus whenever he wished to inhabit it, perhaps he will gladly help me, though I am neither Scotch nor American. But I am ready to receive either Scotch or American who is in need of a home and finds none! Many thoughts wander through my brain, in order to make fairy-land for others! There must be some one to pull the strings and to make the poor things feel as if everything went by magic! They must not feel the trouble, only the blessing. Oh the enthusiasm of my mother's old friend! She is eighty-five, but her heart is as warm and her enthusiasm as strong as if she was thirty. She is quite wild at my thought and at the sacrifices I have already made. Her joy is too touching! Never a more beautiful monument will a daughter have made for her mother. She put those pearls round my neck with her own hands, but she would not be sorry at my parting with them, I am sure. She taught me not to cling to earthly possessions, so I am her good scholar! Only this time I tear the things a little bit from my heart! But as I have nothing else to give, I give what I have. That is a great deal, because it is all! If it was a dol-

lar, and it was my all it would be a great deal, wouldn't it?

Fancy those dear little horses, my, very own, earned with my pen! It is too sweet, isn't it? But not enough! Already not enough! Only to fetch two ladies and their luggage, be it ever so slender, it is a great deal for the dear little things. I only think of that first morning in a nice warm room with that view and the feeling that there is no wolf at the door, but liberty and comfort and happiness! Oh dear, what a blessing to be able to do that, even for three or four! That is already a great deal. If everybody would do that for three or four there would soon be less misery on earth. One of them is a cripple, her hip is out of joint, and she is often laid up for weeks with excruciating pain. It is out of the question for her to earn her living.

I am afraid I am taking too much time away from sightseeing! But my heart is so full, I want to talk to someone, and I can't talk much to those around me for fear of having some envy or enmity awakening. You don't know Byzantinism yet. May you never know it!

Ever yours,

ELISABETH